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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH—AGRICULTURE.

To the Editor of the Standard:

In the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture to Congress for last year, the following items appear, which I hope may encourage some of our Democratic friends of the South. A freedman in Johnson County, Georgia, cultivated with his own hands twenty-five acres of cotton, and made fifteen bales, averaging 480 pounds each.

In Lauderdale County, Mississippi, an intelligent colored man procured two horses in 1866, and made six bales of cotton on rented land, coming out $100 in debt. He retained the same hands in 1867, and made nine bales of cotton, and was $200 in arrears, but has paid off old scores, and says he will try again. He had corn and forage sufficient for the season, and is getting a stock of hogs and cattle. The reporter believes he will eventually succeed.

An Alabama freedman produced 500 pounds of cotton on a small farm of his own by working in leisure hours or intervals of regular service. A freedman in Georgia cultivated seven acres in cotton and twenty-three in corn, and three in other crops, with his own labor and that of one horse; the work was accomplished with ease; the corn and cotton he kept clean, and no help was required or delay suffered.

A correspondent in Ellis County, Texas, writes: I have had ten or twelve negro families cultivating land—generally on the shares, all planted cotton, one made a respectable crop; he was a very old man, formerly a foreman, and off of three acres he raised three bales, and nicely pick'd it so as to class a strictly "low middling" in market. I know of another, who did justice to his cotton crop. He is a neat farmer, and is respected by all who know him.

Two families of colored people, composed of six hands, two women and two children, undertook to make a crop on a plantation where some 75 acres of middling bottom land alternate with 50 acres of upland, situated in Stanley County, North Carolina. They worked bravely, listened with docility to advice in regard to their work, and the result, in spite of adverse seasons, was 100 barrels of corn, 200 bushels of wheat, 100 bushels of oats, 25 bushels of peas, 75 bushels of potatoes, and 4,000 pounds of ginned cotton. The value of that crop in 1860, would have been $1,200, but is now equal to $1,800, the half of which falls to the share of the freedman, as per contract. They farm this year on the same premises, with their own horses and feed, and pay the landlord such rent only as any white man would have to pay under the same circumstances.

When we remember that those reports are made to a gentleman who was formerly a slave-owner, and who would not, if he could possibly avoid it, make a favorable report in favor of the freedmen, it is very satisfactory to find the Commissioner of Agriculture obliged to report to Congress such items as are given.

An extract from another correspondent, who was a large planter in the South, says: "I would state that my hands this season are working in squads of from three to nine, and if I was able I would divide land into small lots, and put a comfortable house on each lot, have a school-house and church in the most central part, and I would compel all children to go to school, and pay for the same by working in the crops—and I would compel them both to go to school and to work." There is sufficient encouragement, officially announced, for us and our colored brethren to go on and prosper.

Very respectfully,

HANS POWELL, M.D.,

184 East Broadway, New York City.

CONNECTICUT REPUBLICANISM.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 12th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I SEND you the inclosed article for insertion in THE STANDARD, if you please, hoping it will answer the purpose as a reply to the vituperative letter from Connecticut by Mr. Wm. P. Powell, in THE STANDARD of the 3d instant. It must have been written in a morbid mood, and is as indecorous in many of its utterances, as false in its prophecies.

And, my dear sir, could you find no heartier, or kinder response, to make to the news of the Connecticut election, than that contained in your article of twelve lines, in last Saturday's STANDARD, which closes thus: "As a party necessity, rather than from any natural proneness to deal justly with the negro, the Connecticut Republicans will now fall into line?" Certainly you could not have been aware of the fact—your correspondent did not inform you in his letter—that the "Connecticut Republicans" made impartial suffrage a distinct issue in their party platform, and manfully defended it through the canvass by tongue and press. While they have come short in many things, does it not become us to hail so cheering signs of improvement, with cordiality and applause, rather than with the cold and censorious words of your editorial note? Is human nature so affluent in goodness that we can afford to ignore and disparage her occasional well-doings?

Moreover, to the credit of the "Connecticut Republicans", it should be noted, that theirs was the first State election, I believe, in which the Fifteenth Amendment has been made a leading issue before the people. And when the notable fact is superadded, that this great victory was achieved by a small State, bordering on the great State of New York, and not very remote from New York City, it does seem as if you might find something to commend, if nothing to praise in the conduct of Connecticut Republicans. But whether so, or otherwise, I remain, dear sir, very faithfully, yours,

FRANCIS GILLETTE.

"TO THIS COMPLEXION MUST WE COME AT LAST."

"Shall negroes vote and be elected to office?"

From the Hartford Evening Post.

This startling question confronted us, the other day, in terrific capitals, at the head of posters all around the city, notifying the public that the late Mr. James Dixon would speak in Allyn Hall, on a certain evening, and relate his experience in his miraculous conversion from negro suffrage to the Democratic faith, under the Fifteenth Amendment. He did speak movingly, it was said, but judging from the echoes at the ballot-box, his gun, like that once "aimed at duck or plover," proved more terrible at the breech than at the muzzle. "O what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Not from any height, to be sure, but to an abyssmal depth, almost below the soundings of human pity, but, it is sincerly hoped, not beyond the plummet of the Divine mercy.

But to the question: "Shall negroes vote and be elected to office?"

It looks very much so; at least, that they will vote, and be elected to office even, if they should receive votes enough. Should they by their virtues and good conduct so win upon the esteem and admiration of their white fellow-citizens, as to gain a majority of their suffrages over their Democratic competitors, they will be elected in all probability. But should any unbleached candidate for Congress in the First Congressional District of the State of Connecticut, after having joined all parties, and been faithful to none but the party of "one I, one," find himself in a minority of "735" votes, he will not be elected to Congress, under the laws and regulations, at present, thereto pertaining. He will be far more likely to follow the example of his illustrious prototype, and go out and hang himself, should he have any remaining sense of his fallen and lost condition.

"Shall negroes vote and be elected to office?"

"It must be so Plato;" there is no help for it so far as Connecticut is concerned, and eleven other States which have so decreed. The Democratic State of Delaware stands alone in the negative up to the present date. And because the "fierce Democracy" hereabouts, would keep shouting, "Negro!" "Nigger!" "Nagur!" and nothing more, it forced the good people of the State to say; yes, Democrats; if you can make no other issue, nor talk anything everlastingly but negro, negro you shall have copiously, floodingly, until your bawling mouths are stopped. Do not fret and fume now when the nigrescent cup of your own mingling, is proffered to your scornful lips. Do not upturn your delicate and blooming noses in affected disgust, and cry, "like a sick girl—give me some (other) drink, Titinius!" You know full well that the negro has been all your political capital for many years, ever since you ceased to cry, "Hartford Convention!" "Old Federalism," to frighten timorous souls into Democracy. And when you found these bugbears, like last year's scarecrows, good for nothing to conjure with and frighten folks, you pitched upon the negro, and have ever since been ringing all the changes on "abolition, amalgamation, black republicanism, negro supremacy, white man's government, radicalism," etc. And now you are anxious to know whether negroes shall vote and be elected to office. What do you think about it? Are you able to discern the face of the sky; or to see crushed and impotent men, as trees, walking? Do you begin to hear the voices coming up from the three hundred thousand fresh graves of liberty's martyrs, slain by Democratic bullets, starved to death in Democratic prisons, and cursed by Democratic tongues, crying Justice! Freedom! Impartial suffrage! Look at their blood upon your fratricidal hands—does not that tell you that a black patriot is unspeakably better than a white traitor, and verily each shall have his reward?

After all it must be candidly admitted that there is one serious contingency attending the question of negro suffrage in this State. It may bring on another democratic rebellion and war. A gentleman still survives who is reported to have used the following belligerent language in a speech delivered at a meeting of the New York State Rights' Association, held to celebrate the 125th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birthday, on the 2d of April of last year:

"Come what may niggers shall not vote in the State to which I belong. Ours is a white man's government, and so it shall continue, or be white men's graves."

Now this idea of making the government a graveyard, or cemetry for "white men's graves," is not at all pleasant to think of or anticipate, but not so bad perhaps as the attempt to bury the government itself beneath the daggers of democratic traitors. It is, morever, noteworthy, that this language was uttered in celebration of the birthday anniversary of the reputed father of American Democracy; the man, who wrote the Declaration of American Independence, and said therein "that all men are created equal, and are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Who said in later years, "I tremble for my country, when I remember that God is just, and has no attribute that can take sides with us in a servile contest." Who said that "nothing is more surely written in the book of fate, than that this people, (colored), must be free;" and "the cause of emancipation shall have all my prayers;" and declared that "he who pays and fights ought to vote."

But there still is a ray of hope left us, that we may escape the tragedy of another Democratic war. It is comforting to remember that this truculent celebrator of Jefferson's birthday, who prates so ferociously about making the government a catacomb for "white men's graves," to prevent the calamity to the State of eight or ten hundred negro votes, is no other than the same redoubtable gentleman who proclaimed to the world, at the outbreak of the late Democratic rebellion, that, should Massachusetts presume to send soldiers through Connecticut on their way to cut the throats of his Southern brethren (the traitors) in defense of the government, then they, the aforesaid soldiers—mark the prediction—would have to march over his defunct body, "bleeding at every pore!"

Now, since it is a well ascertained fact that the Massachusetts troops did pass through Connecticut, and our bellicose fellow-citizen was still living, according to last accounts, may we not hope in this crisis even, that the fiery war-cloud will vanish from our horizon, and "let us have peace?"

"A few practical remarks will close this discourse.

It is now nearly thirty-one years since the first attempt was made in the Legislature of Connecticut to blot out the word "white," with which the Democratic party stigmatized our State constitution of 1818, and establish impartial suffrage. The measure was ably advocated, and so manifest was its justice that it won the support of the best men of all parties, and commanded about forty votes. Afterwards its advocates before the people met with unexpected hostility. Obloquy, ridicule and persecution assailed them from all quarters. In most cases free discussion on this and other topics akin was mobbed down. But strong in the panoply of truth, and foreseeing the coming victory, they persevered. Three times they pressed the measure through six legislatures, and three times it was voted down by the people at the instigation of the Democratic party—the party of equal rights!—the last time, to the double reproach of Connecticut, in 1865, just after our surviving colored soldiers had returned from the war, with its blood still fresh upon them. And now, as one of the results of the war, the federal government proposes to the States a constitutional amendment, securing impartial suffrage to all the male citizens of the country, leaving the States to regulate the franchise to all alike, as they shall see fit. On this issue, called the fifteenth amendment, the Democratic party went to the polls under the leadership of its new convert, and candidate for Congress in the First district, boastful of anticipated victory, and met with an overwhelming defeat.

"Our fight
Was waged in heaven's approving sight—
The smile of God is victory."

Thus the Almighty Providence moves on in his majestic march to victory over the world. All men and all combinations of men, that oppose his advancing footsteps, must be scattered or crushed. Through all the lights and shadows of history, though often obscure to our dim eyes, the same Almighty Hand is seen directing and molding all events for the final coronation of humanity—the triumph of peace on earth and good will to men. From that unresting Hand have sprung all the great epochs and events of the ages. Out of conflict and blood, man's wrath and satan's rage, it still educes good—freedom, discipline, justice—and the world thrills and mounts to a higher plane, nearer and nearer to the Father's throne.

"Thus Humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

"Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
At the birth of each new era, with a recognizing start
Nation wildly looks at nation standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart."

F. G.

THE SPIRIT OF KENTUCKY.

A FRIEND writing privately from the heart of Kentucky to the Editor of *The Tribune* gives casually the following illustrations of the spirit that still refuses to come out of her:

"Many professed Christians, it appears to me, are entire strangers to the true spirit of Christianity. To show the animus of some, I will say that I have heard a Church member say that 'I have been made so mad at seeing the negro children passing on the streets with books in their hands, going to school, that I have felt that I could take the books from them and beat them to pieces on their faces.' (This specimen was a Missionary Baptist). A short time previous to the election, in an adjoining county, I was asked by a gentleman at his fireside 'how I thought the election would go.' I replied that 'I thought Grant would be elected.' The response from the husband was, 'I am afraid so.' From the wife it was, 'If he is I hope another Wilkes Booth will arise.' The conversation turning upon the negroes, she said, 'They ought all to be killed off.' And this woman is a member of that order who, in this and some other States, contend that all their Churches shall be known as *The Christian Church*, thus claiming for their denomination the distinctive name of Christian. Such utterances frequently emanate from both men and women of all professions and of no profession, but all embraced in the great Democratic party. Yet, notwithstanding, it is plain to be seen that many who have been warm, active sympathizers with the Rebels are now expressing satisfaction—some even gratitude—that Slavery is abolished, and say that they would not reinstate it if they could do so by a wave of the hand. But others, again, feel that life has been stripped of all that is of any worth, and think the necessity of personal exertion—doing one's own chores, or drudgery—is intolerable, and ought not, cannot be endured by any one possessing a moiety of self-respect.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

REPLY OF HON. B. F. WADE TO A COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESS FROM COLORED MEN.

HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE, of Ohio, has written the following reply to an address from the National Executive Committee of Colored Men:

To Geo. T. Downing and others, of the "National Executive Committee of Colored Men:"

GENTLEMEN: Since my retirement from public life I have received many kind and complimentary communications from my friends, which I value greatly; but nothing has given me so much pride and satisfaction as the proceedings of your National Executive Committee. To know that one's labors are appreciated and approved by those on whose behalf they have been performed, is indeed gratifying.

It is true that for more than thirty years, whether in the Legislature of my own State, as a Judge upon the Bench, in the Senate of the United States, or in private life, I have, with resolute and determined purpose, labored to bring the Constitution and laws of my country into harmony with the laws of God, who, "is no respecter of persons."

Equality before the law and exact justice to all men, without respect to race, color or nationality, has been the polar star to guide me in all my efforts, and the prize for which I have fought. Nor am I conscious that I have ever during that time subordinated those great principles to any other, or compromised them for any other consideration whatever. Yet I claim no special merit for this; it was but the performance of a plain and palpable duty which every man owes to his God, to his country and to humanity. Had I done less, it would have been a self-degradation for which I should have despised myself, even as I have despised all others who may have compromised these great principles through cowardice, self-interest or ambition. And now, thank God, after a thirty years battle, I have lived to see these principles triumphant, every man in our great Republic equal before the law, and the laborer relieved of the foulest and most degrading violation of his rights.

But, in my judgment, much more remains to be done; for I can never believe a government perfect while it is possible for one man to appropriate the avails of the labor of thousands, while those that perform the labor pine away their life in poverty and destitution, or to monopolize an unlimited extent of God's earth to the exclusion of others. These evils are yet to be corrected, and may I not expect that you who have been so lately emancipated from the foulest oppression and injustice, will take the lead in these great and necessary reforms?

Please accept my thanks for the kind sentiments contained in your letter.

Yours, with respect, B. F. WADE.

JEFFERSON Ohio, March 26, 1869.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF JUDGE GARDNER OF GREENVILLE.

From the Mobile (Ala) Nationalist.

THE *State Journal* contains the following account of this dastardly act. We publish it entire with the remark, that there can be no prosperity for Alabama; no immigration to its almost depopulated counties; no enterprise or thrift of any kind in its towns and cities, until the lawless spirits who perform these cowardly acts are brought to the gallows, or hunted from the State by the community which they so misrepresent and disgrace:

It is with unfeigned pain that we find ourselves compelled to add another to the list of assassinations which mark with a blot the history of reconstruction in Alabama. We had hoped that the dawn of peace was approaching, and that the bitter, bloody passions of political malice and vengeance had subsided, under the promise of better days coming.

Judge Gardner, of Greenville, was shot last night, while sitting at his window. A dispatch just received, says: "He is badly shot. I hope not seriously dangerous. It was a clear case of assassination, without provocation or excuse. The assassin not known."

Only last Saturday the Judge was with us, and spoke in a manner most gratifying of the good condition of affairs in Butler County. He little dreamed that the bullet had been moulded which perhaps may be fatal to him. It is difficult at the present writing to comment in merited terms, upon this most dastardly crime.

Can it be that good Union men and patriots shall always, in this country, be targets for the bullets, knives and bludgeons of cowardly assassins and whiskey bloated demons? Will not the administration, State and National, give these men protection? Will the law-abiding citizens of Alabama, no matter what their political bias may be, quietly submit to the terrible imputations which follow such crimes? The blood of Silas Thurlow, Probate Judge of Limestone County, dripping from the pavements of Huntsville, taints the very air which swells the folds of the American flag above him; and yet, though he had followed that flag through so many battles, and wore upon his breast so many marks of his heroism, the day has passed for him to claim its protection. The Ku-Klux-Klan ride through the streets in bold derision of the "boys in blue," and of the government. Judge Baughn, of Winston, in his vain attempt to preserve law and order, was stabbed by a drunken assassin, and is dead. The next Probate Judge is Gardner, of Greenville. God grant that his name may not yet be added to the roll of the dead. We are not in a spirit to write more now. The Judge was our friend in early life, and the associations of a childhood home are common to us both.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.

THE SITUATION AS IT APPEARS IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 5.

THE Revolution began on the 10th of October last. Carlos Manuel Cespedes—a man whose name is doubtless destined to live in history with that of Washington, as the "Father of his Country"—supported by a force of but one hundred and twenty-seven men, pronounced in favor of a Republic, issuing at Bayamo, the place of his residence, an address to his countrymen and the world, which, for vigor of statement and dignity of defense for the act he had taken, will deservedly stand in the foremost rank of State papers. The opportune character of this act is shown by the undisputed fact that, within a week, Gen. Cespedes found himself at the head of 15,000 men and the recognized chief of a Provisional Patriot Government. It is a fact quite generally known, that the movement thus auspiciously begun was not the result of sudden impulse nor of hasty conception. It had been long and carefully planned. Twelve months ago, several of the leading patriot commanders were in this city, and consultations were freely had with public men whose names it will not be wise at this time to give. They were assured of our sympathy, and, if possible, cordial coöperation in their struggle against a power whose history on these continents has always been in antagonism to our own, and whose hostility to our national existence was quite marked during the recent progress of our momentous civil war. It is understood that at the time the Cuban leaders visited this city, the 22d of February last, was the date fixed for the beginning of their movement. Spain itself being in revolutionary throes, the opportunity of an earlier and probably successful blow was not overlooked or lost.

SIX months have nearly passed since the signal was given, and the Republic of Cuba appears here to ask for recognition. What has it done to entitle it to international consideration?

Bayamo, the starting place of the Revolution, now in ruins, is in the extreme eastern portion of the island. Cuba has an area of 47,287 square miles. Thus, it is nearly as large as England, and, with a more fecund soil and amazing prolificness, it could easily support 20,000,000 of inhabitants. Its geographical and commercial position are unequaled. The present population of the island is about 1,400,000, of whom about 1,000,000 are native Cubans, white or colored. Of the remaining 400,000, there may be 125,000 Spaniards, troops, employes of the Government, "carpet bag" adventurers, etc.; the balance are probably enslaved Africans, who have been brought there in despite of efforts to suppress the slave trade. A few thousand residents are probably citizens of the United States, or of European States, engaged in business. Of the inhabitants of Cuba there are not then 200,000 persons who are either friendly or indifferent to the Spanish rule, and among these not one single born Cuban. The remaining portion of the people are all bitterly hostile to its continuance, and are everywhere ready to show that hostility as opportunity offers. With the daily and undoubted evidences of this important fact, in the shape of news from Havana that appears in our papers, nearly all of which is filtered through the Spanish censorship, there is little need to cite facts or enter into an argument to prove the unanimity of the Cubans.

The best proof, however, is found in the steady progress of the Revolution itself. Since its inception it has received no one serious defeat, but on the contrary has daily enlarged its active boundaries and more seriously imperiled the Spanish rule. The Provisional Government of Cuba is at this moment master of at least three-fifths of the entire area of the Island; it commands all the interior lines of communication within this Revolutionized territory; it threatens the control of the Spaniards over the remaining two-fifths; it has confined the troops operating against them chiefly to the sea-board and to the walls of a few principal towns; it has an organized semi-military Government whose authority is readily and seriously respected by the people; it has to-day an army of over 40,000 men in the field, and could easily double that number if in possession of arms and proper equipments. So much the Revolution has practically accomplished. It has in reality done much more, for from the outset it has established the policy of emancipation and full enfranchisement of all citizens as its purpose. The moral value of this unqualified position has been immense. There is another notable feature in the success so far achieved. It is that it has been gained by the almost unaided exertions of the Cubans themselves. In spite of all reports, there has been but very slight aid given from the outside, either from our shores or other of the neighboring American States. A few small cargoes of arms have been run in, but even these are of recent date. Another point is, that from the outset the movement has been regular and orderly, carried forward under organized direction, and with a definite policy to guide. The Provisional Government, of which Cespedes is the known chief, has been everywhere recognized by the Cubans. Whatever differences and jealousies may have existed, and it is presumable there have been such, they have never been allowed to impede the patriotic work. At the present moment the entire Eastern Department, with the exception of the seaports, and two or three interior places of importance, like Puerto Principe, are controlled by the Republicans. About one-third of the Western Department is also really held by them, the Spanish forces being confined to the Cinco Villas (five towns) of Remedios, Villa-Clara, Cienfuegos, Sagua la Grande, and Trinidad. According to authentic information received here, the Patriot forces are distributed about as follows: In the Bayamo and Mayari section (the last named place is now the seat of the Provisional Government), Gen. Cespedes has under his own control and that of his immediate second-in-command, Major-Gen. Donato del Marmol, about 12,000 men. This force could easily be doubled or trebled if arms were attainable. In the upper portion of the "Oriental" Department Quesada is operating with about 14,000 men, of whom one and the larger column in the neighborhood of Puerto Principe, under the immediate direction of Quesada, is quite well equipped. In the Cinco Villas district the patriots have a force of about 15,000 men, a considerable portion of which is tolerably well armed. Every week makes a favorable difference in the armament. In the last named region one of the principal Generals is Puello, a Dominican mulatto, who fought with considerable credit against the Spaniards in 1861-'62.

The military policy pursued by the patriots has been one quite well adapted to their situation. The Eastern Department is traversed by the Sierra de Cobra, a lofty range of mountains, which afford admirable defensive opportunity. The "Jurisdictions" in which the revolution began are the most sparsely settled portions of the Island. They are also the most mountainous. The chief product of the Bayamo section is coffee. The vicinity of Puerto Principe and Cinco Villas is the sugar growing district, while beyond there and to the west of Havana is the principal tobacco region. The southern side of the Cinco Villas district has an extensive swamp region, which affords almost as admirable base for the partisan policy of the patriots as does the region of the Sienas. With the imperfect arms and equipment of the Patriot forces, it became necessary from the onset to avoid as much as possible too great a risk in collision with the Spanish troops. At the beginning the neighborhood risings seized and disarmed the rural police and Spanish militia, occupied the mountain passes and other strategetic positions, and then uniting into larger bodies, and acting under more definite military direction, drove the Spaniards from all the interior points, compelling them within a short time to remain shut up in their chief posts and seaports, so closely too, that it has been almost impossible for them, at many points, to obtain forage without constant engagements and losses. In brief, the Patriot policy has been to worry and wear the Spaniards out, confident that every march impeded without serious conflict; every day's delay has been gain to their cause. The Cubans here claim most emphatically, that the Spanish accounts of the losses suffered on either side are utter misrepresentations. They do not claim any great or striking victories so far, their circumstances have not allowed them to make the necessary efforts to achieve such, but they declare that in all the chief encounters that have occurred so far they have suffered no defeat, (which fact is in their situation a positive gain), but at the worst, only drawn battles, though in general they, (the Patriots), have held the field. The Patriot debit and credit account of actual battles will be given the American public in a short time. That their military policy has been sagacious and successful, is shown by facts already given and from results achieved, but much more by the evidence we have of Spanish desperation and of the present position of their forces.

The atrocious acts of the volunteers have quickened the Cuban hostility and united the people, so that it is now positively affirmed that there is not known to be one native Cuban, white or colored, indifferent even, let alone hostile, to the revolution. Of course there are many who dare not openly avow their feelings, but the Spaniards acknowledge, in acts and words, that they *know* all are their enemies. When the revolution begun, there were about 10,000 regulars in the Island. The armed police, civic and rural, and the militia, increased this force to about 22,000 men. Since then about 15,000 troops have been sent from old Spain, making the regular army 25,000. The volunteers, police, etc., increased this force, by 25,000 more; but a large proportion of the new troops, as well as the volunteers are raw recruits, young and untrained men. Recent letters from well-informed sources declare that at least 10,000 of the Spaniards have been placed *hors du combat* since the struggle began—chiefly by the climate and the hardships of campaigning. These allies of the Republicans will not decrease in value as the season advances. This has always been regarded as a prime element in Cuban strategy. The volunteers are recruited from the Government employes, the smaller shopkeepers, and traders, laborers and convicts—in almost every respect the lowest portions of the white population. They are utterly brutalized, as their recent conduct in Havana has shown. Accounts of atrocious outrages committed by them have recently been received by the Republican Envoy. Among one of the most atrocious stories is that of a lady and six children brutally murdered and mutilated by these butchers, near Mayajugus. The victims were the family of a patriot of local prominence who had been captured. The volunteers came to the plantation and induced the wife to start with the children in their company, under pretence of being taken to their husband and father. They were murdered within a short distance of the plantation, under circumstances of fearful brutality. This, though a more startling one, is by no means an isolated case. In fact the Spanish policy is framed as usual, on their own bloody traditions. They are in their governmental capacity a nation of Bourbons, neither learning nor unlearning anything. The Republican General-in-chief has been compelled, by the conduct of the Spaniards, to announce his intention to resort to reprisals. One of the strongest arguments urged here in behalf of their recognition of independence and belligerent rights is that it will in a great degree compel the cessation of the inhuman war inaugurated under Capt.-Gen. Dulce's orders. A number of American citizens have been arrested by the Spanish authorities. At the present time the son and brother of two of the most respected and wealthy residents of Havana, naturalized citizens of the United States, lying in prison by Gen. Dulce's order, is in this city urging action on the part of their Government. Complaint, properly authenticated, of these affairs was made at the State Department on Friday last. Gov. Fish was at the Cabinet meeting. The gentleman by whom the complaint was lodged, accompanied by his counsel, Gen. Muzzey, laid the matter before Mr. Hunter, and was consoled with the remarkably cool remark, "that these sort of things must be expected. We often arrested British subjects in the South during our civil war without much warrant or reason therefor." It is to be hoped that the reign of Sewardism is over, and that Mr. Hunter as well as Captain-General Dulce will be taught that no one shall meddle with an American citizen, nor any officer of the Government be indifferent thereto, with impunity. The case referred to will, it is understood, be brought before the House at an early day. The latest proclamation of Dulce, relating to the treatment of persons and vessels carrying arms, etc., to the "rebels," and captured in the act, is exciting great interest here; and if the English version be a correct rendering of the text, he has certainly overstepped the limits of International law. An original copy is awaited with some anxiety. There can be no doubt of the unfriendly spirit of the Spaniards toward us, though we have scrupulously fulfilled every obligation our own neutrality and international law imposed. Under the late administration, stringent orders were issued to prevent the departure of any filibustering expeditions, etc. These instructions have been reissued, it is understood, both by the State and Treasury Departments. Nothing is more certain than that a rigid pursuance of the policy indicated by Domingo Dulce as the one he intends to follow, will bring on a collision with the United States, and as it seems most likely, with Great Britain also. The threatened loss of the "Ever-Faithful Isle" seems likely to so maddden the Spaniard that he will lose all discretion. There are some shrewd observers in Cuba, and here, too, for that matter, that believe that other European Governments are backing Spain. This idea is founded on the known jealousy and hostility of Louis Napoleon to this country. It is therefore supposed by some that he is, in spite of the Montpensier muddle there, backing Spain with means to resist the Cuban Revolution. Putting this aside, as one of the speculations inevitable in such affairs, it is more than certain that the Spaniards will resist in Cuba until the last moment.

The great need of the patriots is arms, especially artillery. They do not need men. These can be had in sufficient numbers. The negroes are flocking to the Republican lines just as fast as possible. Cespedes could put 40,000 men of color in the field at once if he had arms. A few capable officers, especially artillerists, are needed. So far the patriots have had little aid of that kind, nearly all their prominent leaders were planters or lawyers; Quesada being the only one having a thorough military training and reputation. He is a man of the most daring courage, honest and capable as a soldier, and true as a patriot. He held in the Mexican army the same rank he now holds in Cuba, that of Major-General. Donato del Martinol, who rose with Cespedes, has shown considerable military ability, and will be, it is supposed, commissioned as General-Commanding; Cespedes, who now holds that position, being placed at the head of the Government as President by the Provisional Congress which has been called, and is now probably in session at Mayari. Late and direct advices from Cespedes stated the Congress would soon assemble thereafter. Among the Patriot forces there are about 500 Dominicans, most of them acting as subaltern officers. There are a few Mexicans, not probably a score in all, and about as many of other nationalities. These facts show how spontaneous the revolution is, and with how much earnestness the Cubans have entered into the struggle.

The blockade established by the Spaniards, and the want of artillery, are to-day chief obstacles in the way of almost immediate success. With artillery, the patriots could at once drive the Spanish troops out of such places as Puerto Principe, and also hold some important seaports like Nuevitas and Trinidad, from which they could make active resistance to naval movements, and also have a better chance to receive supplies.

There is every probability that they will soon be in a position to accomplish these things, and in the meanwhile are industriously at work replacing the Spanish administration with that of the Republic, and are building up their civil government coextensively with military and territorial occupancy.

It will be seen that the Cubans have already won respectful consideration at our hands, and that every day strengthens their claim to the demand now made for that recognition on our part, which is alone needed to complete the work of independence and establish firmly the Republic of Cuba as a power among the nations.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

REPLY TO JUDGE SCHLEY BY HON. H. M. TURNER.

A short review of Judge Schley's decision on the question of negro eligibility to office in Georgia.

From the (Georgia) American Union.

I PROPOSE to review in as few words as possible, salient points, (if there be any,) in the decision recently delivered by the Hon. W. Schley, Circuit Judge of the Superior Courts of this State, for the Eastern Judicial Circuit, in the case of W. J Clements, *vs.* Richard W. White, Clerk Superior Court of Chatham County, in Chatham Superior Court, March term, 1869. The question whether or not a person having one eighth-African or negro blood in his veins, is eligible to office in this State came up on writ of *Quo Warranto*, in which the said W. J. Clements was relator, and Richard W. White respondent; and in which the learned (?) Judge decided on the demurer, that a negro is not eligible to hold office in Georgia.

Without following the erudite Judge through all his tortuous paths of fossiliferous law as to the status of the negro while he was a slave, and before he put on the habiliments of citizenship, or accompanying him in his misty search as to the rights of citizenship under the laws of the United States, as derived from the common law or statutes then of force in the United States, or in the several States, and decided and expounded by Judges of the U. S. Courts, in years gone by, while every tyro in a knowledge of the rights of the negro, or African race, knows that when those decisions quoted by his Honor were made in the Dred Scott case, and others of a like kind, he was not a citizen of the United States, nor of the State in which he resided and that now, neither law, logic or common sense is evinced, by measuring the rights or privileges of the African race now resident in Georgia by the same rule that obtained then. Then the negro was not a citizen—now he is; then he had no political rights—now he has; then he was a chattel—now a citizen.

The whole question is in a nut-shell. The State Constitution makes negroes CITIZENS. The statute laws of the State, define the rights of citizens. Among those rights, is the right to hold office. The former declares the negro to be a citizen of the State—the latter declares that a citizen of the State has the right to hold office in the State. The statutes provide that certain citizens of the State, or persons rather, being citizens, are ineligible to office; among these are females, idiots, lunatics, minors, etc., etc., which restrictions bind equally, black as well as white citizens. But to be more precise: under the Constitution and laws of Georgia, all citizens of this State, without regard to race or color, (subject to certain exceptions and restrictions, common to both races), have a like, equal right to hold any office in Georgia; both alike are eligible thereto, while both alike are subject to the same disabilities, and to no others.

The first point to be settled, then, is, Who are citizens of Georgia? Section 2d of article 1st of the Constitution, styled in that instrument *fundamental principles*, is as follows: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States and residents in this State, are hereby declared citizens of this State; and no laws shall be made or enforced which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, or of this State, or deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of its laws; and it shall be the duty of the General Assembly, by appropriate legislation, to protect every person in the due enjoyment of the rights, privileges and immunities guaranteed in this section.

This provision of the Constitution without doubt and beyond all controversy, confers citizenship alike upon the black and white persons. It applies equally alike to both races.

Section 1648 of Georgia is in these words: Among the rights of citizens, are the enjoyment of personal security, of personal liberty, private property and the disposition thereof, the elective franchise, the right to hold office, to appeal to the courts, to testify as a witness, to perform any civil function, and to keep and bear arms." The next section in the Code, viz: Section 1649, says: "All citizens are entitled to exercise all their rights as such, unless specially prohibited by law."

By article 11, Sec. 1st of the Constitution of Georgia, it is declared that "the laws of general operation in force in this State, are, AS THE SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND, *first*, the Constitution of the United States, the laws of the United States in pursuance therof, and all treaties made under the authority of the United States;" *second*, as next in authority thereto, THIS CONSTITUTION; *third* in subordination to the foregoing, all acts passed by any legislative body sitting in this State as such, since the 19th day of January, 1861, including that body of laws known as the Code of Georgia, and the acts amendatory thereof, or passed since that time; which said Code and acts are embodied in the printed book known as "Irwin's Code." (I omit to quote the rest of this section, because what follows has no bearing upon the question).

From the foregoing adopting clause in the Constitution, it follows that the Code of Georgia, "Irwin's Code," is of force in this State, that the statutes embodied therein are valid statute laws of Georgia, where they do not conflict with any of the provisions or true spirit of any of the *fundamental* principles above enumerated; but nothing is more certain or evident than that the classification of the inhabitants of the State, into four classes, viz: *Citizens, residents not citizens, aliens,* and *persons of color*, as provided by a statute in Irwin's Code, is in conflict with the spirit, if not the letter of the new State Constitution, defining who are to be *citizens*. The new Constitution evidently takes the class heretofore known as *free persons* of COLOR together with all manumitted slaves, and puts them into the other classes, distributes them as other qualifications may require; and they become absorbed, so to speak, in the other classes. Now there is no such person, strictly speaking, as a free person of color in Georgia.

Therefore, this Code is good authority in all cases in which it is applicable, and not in conflict with laws of higher authority as set forth in the first part of said article of the Constitution.

The said 1648th section of the Code of Georgia, in so many plain words, gives to all citizens "the right to hold office," and "to perform any civil function."

Under the Constitution and laws of Georgia, all citizens of the State, without regard to race or color, (subject to certain exceptions and restrictions common to both races), have a like, equal right to hold any civil office in the State; both alike, are eligible thereto, while both alike, are subject to the same disabilities, and to no others. What those restrictions and disabilities are, I will not attempt to specify or enumerate, but will simply say, the characteristic or qualification of race or color is not one of them.

After discussing and disposing of the Constitution of the State relating to the question, the learned expounder of the law, who is sworn "to do equal justice to the poor and to the rich," goes

on to say "This disposes of the provisions of the Constitution bearing upon this question. And we are brought finally to the statute laws of Georgia:

"Do they confer on the colored citizens the right to hold office? The Code, which was adopted by the Constitution as law, divides the natural persons in Georgia into four classes: Citizens, residents not citizens, aliens and persons of color. It says that among the rights of citizens are the elective franchise and the right to hold office. And as the Constitution has made persons of colored citizens, it is insisted, as a necessary consequence, that they have all the rights which were given to citizens as they were defined when the Code was passed, and afterwards adopted by the Convention. But we have seen that persons of color, before the adoption of the Code, had no political rights; we have seen also that political rights are not conferred by implication of law, and that the removal of one disability does not include the removal of any other, unless the one removed be the greater. Citizenship was first conferred. That did not remove necessarily the disability as to the elective franchise; for it did so for if the person of color—who by the classification given above ranks lower in the State than white females who were citizens—it must, *a fortiori* have removed that disability from all females.

If declaring a negro to be a citizen made him a citizen in the sense intended in the Code, all females and minors are likewise clothed with the elective franchise and the right to hold office; if they are not, then the Constitution by making persons of color citizens, elevates them above white females and minors. But will it be pretended that females can vote or hold office in Georgia? Can the conclusion be avoided, however, if the monstrous construction be put upon the Code, whereby the lowest class of natural persons, and who rested under *every* disability before the Constitution was adopted, are relieved of all disabilities by the grant of mere citizenship, the want of which was the least of his disabilities. If the Convention intended to give this construction, why did they go one step further and confer the right to vote on persons of color? If citizenship gives the right, why confer it in express terms. If the Constitution considered that this right to hold office was conferred by the Code, as incident to citizenship, why was not the right to vote also considered? And if so, why expressly confer the less right, and remain silent as to the greater right? If the Constitution had given in express terms the right to hold office, the silence as to the elective franchise would have been proper, not to say logical, because the right to hold office necessarily carries with it the right to vote. I can put no other construction on this action of the Convention than that they meant to give only such rights as are given in express terms. And this conclusion is made certainly by the record of their proceedings, which shows that they, by solemn vote, give the right to hold office to persons of color. If, then, we are to be controlled by the express grant of political rights in our constitution to persons of color, the right to hold office in Georgia does not belong to any person of color.

The absurdity, sophistry and even folly of this part of the decision, are so patent that reason or argument in its refutation is almost thrown away. Its errors, not to say falsity of assertion, are so glaring as to become its accusers. It really is not deserving a serious refutation.

On the whole, this decision may be justly styled "a sickly abortion of a paralized intellect," or folly sublimated. Its author will soon have cause to regret his ever having made it, and sooner or later will be ashamed of it. The most charitable conclusion any one can arrive at, is that Judge Schley is trying to compete with Chief-Justice Taney for national abhorrence, and an infamous memory. This able jurist, who, while he owes his present office to negro votes, may revel in the glories the few fleeting smiles he may get for his abominable decision, will, in less than five years, be fawning before some negro for a position.

H. M. TURNER.

A METHODIST BISHOP IN TEXAS.

VIOLENT DEEDS AND SOCIAL OSTRACISM.

BISHOP SIMPSON writes to *Zion's Herald*:

"In Texas I learned of several cases which serve as illustrations of the kind of justice meted out by courts and juries. A worthy German citizen, local minister in our church, employed, as a laboring hand, a Confederate soldier. In the absence of the employer from home, the laborer stole $200 which was in the house and fled. Complaint was made, the criminal was pursued and arrested, and $75 of the money were found on his person. He was taken before a magistrate, confessed his guilt, and was bound over to the court. On the trial he plead 'not guilty,' was acquitted by the jury in the face of his own confession, and the costs of the suit were assessed on the complainant. A writ was issued, and the sheriff executed the remaining seventy-five dollars to liquidate the costs. In two other counties similar cases occurred, and I think wherever the contest is between Northern men of Radical sentiments and old citizens, there is no hope of equity in the decisions. I am satisfied that it is almost vain to prosecute such a case before a jury. I spent one night with a German who informed me that sixty-five of his sheep and nearly all of his hogs had been taken and branded or killed by his neighbors, and he considered it better to submit than to attempt to go to law. In this case the German had been a Confederate soldier. I do not allege that such decisions are universal, or even general. They may be, probably are, extreme cases.

"In all parts of the State, even in the great commercial centers, where there is perfect security, there exists a species of social ostracism. This is not exercised against all Northern men, but against such as they call Radicals. If a business man from the North denounces the United States Government, abuses the Freedmen's Bureau, and curses the negro, there is little objection to receiving him into good society; but if he expresses anti-slavery views, if he seeks by personal efforts to educate or elevate the negro, or, which is the greatest sin of all, if he should join the Methodist Episcopal Church, he and his family are made to feel that they are shut out from society. No one of the ladies who lead society will call upon such a family, and association with them is shunned in almost every possible way. In business transactions gentlemen meet and freely engage in enterprises, and exchange all the courtesies of public life, but their families have no such associations.

"It may seem strange that the women of the South retain such bitter feelings against the North, but it must be remembered upon them fall most heavily the embarrassments resulting from emancipation. They were not accustomed to labor. Servants attended to all domestic duties, and waited their bidding. Now the state of society is changed, and, as at the North, women have the annoyance of securing and retaining proper servants. It must also be considered that, engaged in domestic duties, or associating chiefly with a circle of friends, they have less to occupy their minds and divert their attention from the inconveniences which they suffer. Be the reasons what they may, it is an undoubted fact that the women of the South acquiesce more reluctantly in the reconstruction of society than do the men, and they are more averse to forming associations with those who have favored the integrity of the Union and the emancipation of the slaves. More time will probably be required to overcome these prejudices than to reconstitute the political framework of society, yet they will undoubtedly pass away, and immigrants from the North will be received into society as others are, according to their character and their acts.

"Sometimes I have wished it were so that one of our Bishops could reside permanently in the South or Southwest, that the public might have more full and accurate knowledge of our spirit and our aims. The General Conference, however, in declining to add to our number at its recent session, has made it impossible thus to add to our strength in the South. While my remarks as to safety and order apply to the State generally, there are a few sections where the spirit of rebellion is still rife. No longer ago than last September, three hundred men surrounded one of our military posts, and for ten days cut off all access, until a reinforcement arrived and dispersed them. The leaders are known, but have never been arrested or punished. This fact I received directly from the officer who relieved the besieged post."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1869.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

THE following States, says *The Tribune*, have ratified the Amendment:

MISSOURI,	March 1, 1869. (Defective).*	
KANSAS,	February 27th,	" †
NORTH CAROLINA,	March 5, 1869.	
WEST VIRGINIA,	" 3,	"
MASSACHUSETTS,	" 9-12	"
WISCONSIN,	" 9,	"
MAINE,	" 12,	"
LOUISIANA,	" 5,	"
MICHIGAN,	" 8,	"
SOUTH CAROLINA,	" 16,	"
PENNSYLVANIA,	" 26,	"
NEW YORK,	April 14,	"
ALABAMA,		
FLORIDA,		
ILLINOIS,		
MINNESOTA,		
IOWA,		
NEBRASKA,		
ARKANSAS,		
NEVADA,		

The Amendment has been rejected by

DELAWARE.

Georgia, not competent, until "reconstructed" again, to either ratify or to reject the Amendment, has gone through the form of rejecting it.

*Missouri failed to act upon the second section.

†Kansas—the second section was imperfect when ratified.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at Steinway Hall, New York, on Tuesday, May 11th, day and evening, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

The Executive Committee urge most earnestly all the members and friends of the Society to be present on that occasion. The exceedingly interesting position of the cause, and the pendency of the Fifteenth Constitutional Amendment are sure to make this a most important meeting, and to give to its deliberations unusual significance. Let all Abolitionists add their presence and counsel.

The Society will hold a Business Meeting on Wednesday, May 12th, at Dodworth Hall, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

Among the speakers will be WENDELL PHILLIPS, HON. JAMES M. SIMMS, of Georgia, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, Mrs. LUCY STONE, Dr. CHARLES B. PURVIS, of Washington, Mrs. CORA L. V. DANIELS, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, MARY GREW, EDWARD M. DAVIS, and AARON M. POWELL.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS and the Hon. GEORGE W. JULIAN have been invited, and it is probable that they will be able to address the meeting.

[WENDELL PHILLIPS, *President.*

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, AARON M. POWELL, } *Secretaries.*

LAND.

PERHAPS we shall weary our readers by our persistent claim for land for the colored people. We refer to it again not only on account of its grave importance, but because now is a most critical time; the government is taking steps which, unless carefully guarded, may put it out of our power to secure for the colored race this indispensable security.

Among other things the question of readmitting Texas to the Union is brought forward. Now, if we are correct, Texas, unlike the other lately rebel States, owns all the public lands within her limits. We claim that before she is readmitted she shall surrender these public lands to the Nation. The Nation stole or bought them of Mexico, and should have them in its custody. We must have one system throughout the South, in this matter of public lands; and only by the Nation's taking possession of these Texas lands can this be secured. Again, in old pro-slavery times large grants, twenty miles wide along the track of a railway, were made to railroad companies. These fortunately have been, in many cases, forfeited by non-fulfillment of conditions. Strenuous efforts are making to induce Congress to waive these forfeitures. This must be prevented. The government must not part with an acre of land to any but colored men except on urgent need shown.

Alternate sections of moderate width should be granted to some good roads in order to get this large railroad interest on our side, by making it for the roads' interest to promote the growth of villages along their lines. Without small holdings of land there can be no villages. Without villages there can be no public schools. James Madison told Miss Martineau, forty years ago, that there never could be public schools in a section cut up into large plantations. The inhabitants were too scattered. Our object must be to introduce the New England village throughout the South. In order to do this we must have the aid of the Government in a well considered system of settling the public lands. Once tempt Railway capital to be on our side by judicious grants and this work is largely helped.

We want peace at the South, because only thus can we secure the influx of Capital. Once let business resume its healthy course and we may dismiss all anxiety as to the negro. He represents *labor*. All these sparsely settled States will then run a race with each other which shall, by justice and favorable laws, tempt the most negroes,—that is, *laborers*,—into their limits. To-day New England cotton manufacturers send agents to the Old World to secure immigrants. Still more anxiously will the hungry South shape her policy to woo *laborers* to her. Once let business resume her sway and this will be ample protection to the colored race. We long to hasten this. Hence we would have Grant put down Ku-Klux with an iron hand. The upper parishes of Louisiana are still vexed by this anarchy. Men in good positions shelter the assassins, or take them from jail if arrested. We would have the authorities shoot and hang, after prompt trial, every man who shelters, aids, or releases any of these murderers. Strike with an iron hand, everywhere, and at once.

So much for the help the negro's recognition will get from business. His education is another thing. To make that practicable we must have villages. Hence we trust Congress will exercise the most careful supervision of all land grants. Grateful for all the vigilance Mr. JULIAN has exercised hitherto, we beg him to persevere. Save the land, in order that the next generation may have public free schools.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 20th, 1869.

THE FREEDMEN.

THE annual meeting of the Orthodox Friends' Association for the relief and education of the Freedmen was held in the Arch street Meeting House in this city last evening. There was a large attendance of Friends and others interested in the cause of the colored people. A very interesting report, giving an account of the labors of the Association, and of the progress and needs of the freed-people was read. Over one hundred thousand dollars have been expended by the Association during the past year in establishing schools providing instruction, in the the distribution of books, etc., etc. Brief, earnest addresses were delivered by several Friends, urging the members of the Association to continue their contributions, and their important labors in the South. Francis King, a well-known, benevolent Friend of Baltimore, who has been actively engaged in the cause in Maryland and North Carolina in particular, stated that there were at the present time seventy-two (we believe) empty school houses in Maryland, built mainly by the colored people,—empty either because teachers could not be secured, or if found, because homes could not be obtained for them while prosecuting their work. The prejudices of the Southern whites he represented as very bitter, and the condition of the poorer class, as deplorable. He says much mischief is being done in some localities by unscrupulous politicians who gratuitously deal out intoxicating liquors to the colored men as a means of winning their votes. One Friend told us of instances where the children of the Southern whites habitually gather about the buildings in which the colored children are at school, and await the dismissal of the school that they may *play* with the colored children, but when they are invited in to study with them, they indignantly decline, and declare they will "never go to school with niggers!" The colored children make gratifying and remarkable progress, are eager to learn and in turn to teach their parents!

The Hicksite Friends, though less wealthy, are doing quite as much in proportion to their means as the Orthodox, and their joint labors in the South at the present time, are of great value, compared with the feebler, and more proselyting, denominational efforts of other sects.

THE INDIANS.

There is an unusual interest at present among Friends (both Hicksite and Orthodox) concerning the Indian question. Though always, since the days of William Penn, the friends of the Indian, the present special awakening has been stimulated by the President's invitation to Friends to coöperate with him in making the experiment of a more just, humane and Christian policy in the management of Indian affairs. Definite plans of coöperation have not yet been fully matured, nor the individuals to carry them out selected. The work will encounter many obstacles, but its greatest hindrance, we infer, will be the unfriendly opposition and intriguing of the large class of unscrupulous, disaffected speculators amoug the border whites and their allies. The prospect of the humane experiment is as gratifying as its need is imperative. It is of the utmost importance that it be successful, and we sincerely hope that the Friends may be able fully to meet the responsibility of the enlarged opportunity which the President's invitation brings to them. The designation of Friends for this important trust is complimentary both to President Grant and to the Society.

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.

Among the most interesting incidents of our sojourn here has been a visit to the new Swarthmore College now nearly completed, under the auspices of the Hicksite Friends. This is the most important educational enterprise ever projected by Friends in this country. It had at the outset the earnest advocacy, and the important coöperation of James and Lucretia Mott. If rendered successful by a wise and liberal administration it will supply an educational need of the young people of the Society of Friends, which has not hitherto been adequately met, and may be the means of arresting in some degree the numerical decline of the Society. Its advantages are not, we believe, to be restricted wholly to Friends—unless they should require all the available space which has been provided. The location—at West-Side, Delaware County, about forty minutes ride from Philadelphia, on the line of the Westchester railroad—is one of surpassing beauty, and is in every respect admirably adapted to the needs of such an institution. It is healthful, accessible, with all the advantages of the near neighborhood of the city, yet sufficiently remote to avoid its worst influences The building, though not elaborately ornamented, is very substantial, and admirably planned. On the building committee were competent Quaker women as well as men, and the result is a most complete arrangement, to subserve the ends of convenience, comfort and economy. Better than the exclusive plan of Vassar College, where young men cannot be admitted, or other colleges where young men only are admitted, both sexes will here have equal opportunities in all the departments, and will meet together in the class-rooms, dining-room, and parlor. It is expected that the college will be opened next autumn. It will start under very encouraging auspices, with Edward Parrish of Philadelphia, as President, Edward Magill, formerly of Boston, as resident Principal, and Helen Longstreth, of Philadelphia, as matron. We wish it abundant prosperity, hoping that by its own example it may help to broaden the basis, and to improve the character of older colleges. It needs an endowment of two or three hundred thousand dollars, which wealthy Friends would honor themselves, and serve well their generation by promptly bestowing. Adjoining the college grounds is the birth-place and homestead of the Quaker artist, BENJAMIN WEST.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL.

To Philadelphia belongs the credit of sustaining, and at last of giving generous encouragement to a pioneer, and highly valuable institution for the education of women for the medical profession. At the kind invitation of the Dean of the college, Dr. Ann Preston, we visited with much interest the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, established nearly twenty years ago. The next session, to open the fourteenth of October, will be the twentieth annual session of this college. Like all pioneer efforts out of the established routine, the earlier period of the career of the college was a continuous hard struggle against prejudices and obstacles which seemed well nigh insurmountable. But the earnest, efficient women, and men, who have been its steadfast friends have in a large degree conquered the unreasonable prejudice against which they were formerly obliged to contend, and have won respect and confidence, by their good works. The Woman's Medical College now has the cordial recognition and endorsement of some of the most eminent members of the profession in the City of Philadelphia. The past year the college has received a large and timely addition to its funds, and the young women who have been among its students have been for the first time admitted to the clinics of two of the great public Hospitals of Philadelphia—the Philadelphia Hospital (Blockley), and Wills' Opthalmic Hospital—conducted by leading teachers and practitioners of medicine and surgery. Connected with the College is the Woman's Hospital of Philadelphia, founded in 1861, in part, to furnish facilties for clinical instruction to women engaged in the study of medicine. In the various departments of the Hospital between three and four thousand patients have been treated during the past year. There is a Dissecting Room erected especially for the study of practical anatomy; and a fine museum connected with the College. The opportunities afforded here to women who wish to pursue thoroughly the study of medicine are excellent.

THE RADICAL PEACE SOCIETY

held a very interesting meeting here on the evening of the 18th inst. Among the speakers were Alfred H. Love, Rachel W. Townsend, Henry M. Laing, and Edwin H. Coates. The topics which engaged most fully the attention of the meeting were capital punishment, in connection with the recent horrible murders, suicide, and execution in Philadelphia; the Indian Question; and temperance as a condition of Peace. Letters were read expressing the satisfaction and good feeling which a kindly letter to the Indians, addressed to them by the Society, and accompanied by boxes containing over a thousand different presents for distribution, had awakened. This letter to the Indians was published not long since in the columns of THE STANDARD. The Peace Society will coöperate with Friends as fully as its resources may allow in the practical details of the humane efforts with the Indians. Another largely attended meeting of the Peace Society was held on the afternoon of the 19th inst, in the Friends' Meeting House, at Darby, Pa.

LUCRETIA MOTT

who was prostrated last month by sudden and severe illness, though still feeble, is improving in health. We had hoped for her presence on the occasion of the approaching Thirty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society. She does not, however, expect to attend the New York anniversary meetings this year. If her strength should increase, and prove adequate, she will visit Boston two weeks later during the anniversary week there. Though feeble bodily she is, as ever, strong in spirit and keenly alive to all that relates to human progress, and to the rights of men and women. May her bodily strength be renewed, and her days be yet many in number. A. M. P.

COLORPHOBIA.

WE wish to add one or two facts to the recital we made last week relative to color hatred.

Lieutenant Governor Dunn of Louisiana, a colored man, was invited, in Washington, by the proprietors of Willard's Hotel to take rooms there. He and his fellow traveller, Mr. G. T. Downing, were received and treated like the other guests, at the Adams House in Boston; the first instance, so far as we know, that any colored person has been so treated in any first class Boston Hotel.

The Lieutenant Governor has been invited by Messrs. Leland to stop at the Metropolitan Hotel, on his return to Washington.

How far all this unusual courtesy is due to his Office we have no means of judging. But if our readers remember that only last month this same Metropolitan Hotel refused to receive a colored lady and gentleman, saying "we are very sorry, but could not possibly receive them—would lose all our guests, most likely, if we did"—the conjecture is very probable that they consent now to admit not the colored man, but the *Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana.*

However we take courage. If a Governor breaks down the bar this year, a common man will be admitted next year. So, all Hail colored Governors! may there be many of them and may they often travel this way.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR DUNN of Louisiana, was introduced to the friends of his race in Boston on Saturday last, at a superb dinner tendered him by Mr. J. B. Smith. The reception took place in Mr. Smith's rooms next to the Revere House. At the head of the table was Robert Morris Esq. Among the invited guests were William Lloyd Garrison, Collector Russell, Geo. T. Downing, Esq., Mr. Lewis Hayden, Wendell Phillips, Mr. Walker, lately member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and others. The table was almost covered with exquisite flowers. After ample justice had been done to the royal cheer of their host, speeches were made by the Governor, by the Chairman, Mr. Morris, and by Messrs. Garrison, Russell, Phillips and Downing. Ten years ago few dreamed of living to see a colored man sit as a member of a Massachusetts Legislature. But not the most sanguine ever supposed they should welcome to Boston a colored Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana!

Mr. Smith, it will be remembered, is the high hearted man who refused to arrange a dinner for Mr. Webster just after his 7th of March speech. We congratulate him that he has lived to receive in his own house the Governor of a sovereign State, (and that a lately rebel one), belonging to his own race.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE SAND was recently offered the managing editorship of a new Paris daily, at a very large salary. She declined, saying she needed repose.

Hon. J. Willis Menard, the first colored congressman-elect, has commenced the publication of a radical journal, semi-weekly, in New Orleans, called *The Radical Standard.* We hope that in this new enterprise he may be abundantly prospered. A free radical press in the South will be a very effective agent for the regeneration of its people.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor celebrated the coming of age of her son, on Wednesday, by furnishing Mr. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, with the amount required to provide one hundred orphan boys with homes at the West. If these one hundred lads should, as they probably will, grow up to be useful citizens in the new country to which they may go, young Mr. Astor may find among them some day grateful friends who can be of essential service to him.

A Paris letter says: "Lamartine only a few days before his death expressed his wish that there should be no funeral ceremony in Paris, but that his remains should be conveyed to St. Point, near Macon, and laid in the tomb where his father, mother and wife repose. A decree in the official journal, signed by the Emperor, directed the funeral to be celebrated at the expense of the public treasury 'in recognition of the great services which he rendered to the country in time of difficulty.'"

Charles W. Slack, Esq., editor of the *Boston Commonwealth*, we are glad to see, has received the appointment of U. S. District Assessor for the Third District of Massachusetts. It is an excellent appointment. In addition to his personal fitness, we are pleased with Mr. Slack's appointment, almost as much as with those of colored men, on account of its (Radical) political significance. Excepting, of course, THE STANDARD, we esteem *The Commonwealth*, in its political tone, the best weekly journal in this country. We congratulate its editor.

The New Orleans Tribune in a notice of the appointment of Mr. Joubert of New Orleans, a colored man, as Assessor of Internal Revenue for the First District of Louisiana, by President Grant, says:

"The nomination of Mr. Joubert is particularly gratifying, because he is a gentleman whose honesty and competency for the office in question are universally conceded. No one, however bitter a political opponent, doubts his intellectual, moral and business qualifications. In the name of the colored population of Louisiana, we thank President Grant for this nomination; for though it may be regarded as no more than an act of justice, yet the circumstances of the case invest it with a peculiar interest far beyond an ordinary event. It marks an era in our national history, as well as in that of the colored race in America and Louisiana. The friends of liberty and equal rights all over the land will thank President Grant."

Henry C. Wright, we regret to learn, was severely injured on the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central Railroad during the night of March 11th the car in which he was a passenger being thrown from the track. The following is an extract of a private letter, dated Lotus, Iowa, March 31st:

"March 11th, at evening, I left Chicago on the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central Railroad, for Munee, Ia., to lecture there Sunday, the 14th. At two o'clock at night, *bitter cold*, when within twelve miles of Logansport, a rail broke, threw three cars off the track and hurled them down an embankment of twenty five or thirty feet *upside down* literally, into a ditch of some four or five feet of *ice* and *water*, the sleeping car in which I lay being one of them. Twenty-eight men, women and children were in berths in the same car. A stove nearly red hot, and full of burning fuel at each end, *nine* candles (had they been *oil* lamps, our doom had been a charred and black one indeed) burning in the roof, and a lighted lantern sitting on the floor at each end. So certain was I of impending danger an hour beforehand that I got up, examined the *stoves*, found them fastened to the trucks in the floor so they could not turn over, and made so tight they would not easily burst open and let the *living coals* out, and that the lights were candles and not *oil*. I walked several times up and down the aisle, and thought of calling up the passengers, but as I could give no reason to satisfy them of approaching danger, but my conscious conviction, I let them slumber. I sat on the edge of my berth half an hour awaiting the event, finally felt assured I would be safer in a horizontal position. I gathered all of my things from *under* the berth and placed them between my body and the wall of the car, to have thus at hand and lay down. My foreboding now became an *actuality*. When I awoke to full consciousness, for I was momentarily stunned, I found my body and arms bound fast, and under what seemed a mountain of rubbish, and on top of it all two large heavy men calling for help, and kicking and pushing to my great inconvenience. My head was free, but my feet and legs up to my knees were merged in the ice and water. There I struggled half an hour to free myself. I found a candle burning under me and the curtains near it. My first use of a foot was to kick that into the water. The first use of my tongue was to speak in words that were at once heeded to all to extinguish every light and see to it that no coals from the stoves came in contact with the curtains. So I finally got on the top of the rubbish and put on my coat, shawl and boots and gathered my bags for what might come.

"On learning, in the dark, that no bones were broken nor lives destroyed and only a plentiful supply of *bruises, bruised eyes, bloody noses* and some uncomfortable *flesh wounds* were the results, we became a *merry set*, having been relieved of all fear of being made a *bonfire* of. We could but laugh out our thanks that we had escaped so far.

"But we wondered that no one from without came to our relief, that the officials did not appear, for only the negro steward of our car was with us and he was badly bruised. Soon however our windows were mashed in, such as were not so before, and conductor, brakemen, baggagemen and engineer crowded in with lanterns to find us all safe as to life and bones, but to show us the perfect wreck of our car and to fill us with amazement that amid such a complete smash-up of the car no bones were broken nor lives lost.

"Then we learned that two other cars had gone over with us and were upset down in the ditch, with passengers far more seriously injured. A rail had broken and thrown us off. Several cars were not thrown off. So after two hours in the cold we got into other cars, came on to Logansport where the seriously wounded were cared for, and the rest went off on their various routes diverging from that point."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 18th, 1869.

THE petitioners for women's suffrage had a second hearing before the legislative Committee last week, on which occasion able presentations of their cause were made by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, and Hon. George F. Hoar of Concord.

Voting, Mr. Clarke said, is the manner in which we get public opinion organized into government. He maintained that by taking the votes of women in addition to those of men, we could get a better representation of public opinion in the government.

Some governments do not desire *any* representation of the wish of the people; others wish to consult merely the wisest and most refined for administrative purposes. In both these cases you have class-legislation. In the present age, limited suffrage means not reform, but revolution. Universal suffrage means reform instead of revolution.

Accepting universal suffrage, we have to organize ignorance and prejudice with knowledge and wisdom. This is one of the risks of free government. To secure the immense advantages of free government, it is necessary to take this risk, and we do take it. In proportion as you shut out any class from representation, you have unstable equilibrium. In proportion as all are represented, you have stable equilibrium. By representation of all, the differing partial interests balance each other, and we are more likely to get the balance of justice and reason. Our success in overcoming the rebellion was largely due to the extent to which this principle operates among us, and there would be immense advantage in giving it the further extension now proposed. Just as the law of self-preservation requires free schools, a free press, and free speech, so it requires free suffrage to the whole population, excepting minors, idiots lunatics and criminals.

Noticing that these four classes were denied suffrage for obvious causes, plainly just and reasonable, Mr. Clarke asked why women also were excluded; and proceeded to show that women have a stake in the welfare of the community equally with men, that their moral influence is needed in the government as elsewhere, and that they have strong inducement to an earnest view of political duty in the desire that their own children, and *all* children, may grow up in a well governed, intellectual, moral and religious community. He then noticed, and replied to, the reasons commonly alleged for the disfranchisement of women.

To the allegation that women have expressed no wish to vote, the petitions now lying on the Committee's table, (signed, as the Chairman had told us, by 7,400 persons, the larger part of them women), were a sufficient reply. But if twice as many other women should declare that *they* had no wish to vote, that would be no good reason for disfranchising the sex. It is well-known that some *men* do not care to vote; but this ought not to exclude me, and the many others who consider it a right and a duty to vote. The whole matter ought to be settled on principle, and not by the chance preferences of a portion of the people concerned.

Some say that Christianity opposes the participation of women in public affairs; and they quote Paul's letter to the Corinthians as proof of this point. Local circumstances, Mr. Clarke said, sufficiently account for the prohibitions contained in that letter. In Corinth, at that time, respectable women were condemned to ignorance and seclusion, while courtezans made a public display, not only of beauty and accomplishments, but of intellectual cultivation, to attract admirers. In another letter, Paul distinctly takes the ground that in Christ Jesus distinction of sex is no more to be considered than distinction of race or country; but, just in that place and time, it was highly important that Christian women should avoid the appearance of identifying themselves with women of evil life. Corinth was not the place where the experiment of even allowable enlargement for women under the Christian system should *first* be tried.

As to the allegation that neglect of domestic affairs would be likely to follow the voting of women, Mr. Clarke showed that it had no element of probability or reason, and that it proceeded from the false and obsolete Mussulman idea that women would abuse whatever liberty was granted them.

The last objection noticed by Mr. Clarke was the vague and fanciful one that a certain bloom of modesty and delicacy would be brushed from women by contact with any of the actualities of political life. He saw no force or substance in this idea; and had no fear, either that women would take any course which their nature did not authorize and God did not appoint, or that the modesty of women would suffer from doing anything which they thought to be their duty.

As to the practical effect of the voting of women, Mr. Clarke thought that there would probably be at first a general increase of existing majorities, both republican and democratic. Further, though women are not better than men, the moral sentiments are more active in them. They are in some respects different from men, and these differences need to be represented in public life. One great advantage to be expected from such a change is that women will resist the evils flowing from intoxicating drinks more vigorously than men.

To those who say that there is danger in making this change it may be replied that there is danger in not making it. Our life is surrounded with perils. No danger can be averted without a new one being incurred.

Hon. George F. Hoar of Concord next spoke, saying that, however little need there might be of adding to what had been urged upon the Committee, he felt it a duty and a pleasure to show his colors upon the question now pending, namely—shall we continue to exclude one-half the people from the right of suffrage?

The 9th Article of the Massachusetts Bill of Rights declares that every *inhabitant* of the Commonwealth has a right to an equal share in its government, and that no man or set of men has a right to special or exclusive advantages. This includes women equally with men. The force of custom and prejudice in overshadowing reason appears in the fact that our ancestors, after making the declaration above quoted, proceeded not only to rule out women from all the details of political life, but to make a property qualification for the right of holding office.

A subsequent generation erased this property qualification. The question now is, shall we carry on the work of reform, and refuse any longer to maintain a qualification on the ground of sex?

Women, it is said, are different from men. We have then to consider whether this difference is of a sort to justify or necessitate their exclusion from political action. There should be on the part of a voter—

1. Desire for the public welfare:
2. Capacity to select officers:
3. Capacity to appreciate the public interests.

Mr. Hoar proceeded, with great ability and eloquence, to show that no qualification other than these was necessary for a voter, and that these were possessed by women not less than men; he would have our government so conducted as to favor the multiplication of happy homes, and the development of individual character; he gave a beautiful sketch of what woman had been and might be in this country, drawing a portrait of one of his own teachers, the late Mrs. Ripley of Concord; who, wise enough to have had her society eagerly sought by our wisest men—so learned that she could fitly have taken any professorship in our University—and so skilled in administration that students suspended from Harvard College were sent by preference to her care for discipline both intellectual and moral—was yet not allowed by law to vote, even on the repair of the road passing her own house, though the ignorant Irishman who mended it had his vote.

Mr. Hoar proceeded to show that *society* needs the influence that the vote and the general coöperation of woman would impart, and that the *safety* of the community, so far from being perilled by the proposed measure, was best secured by incessant movement and progress. The hazardous thing to society is stagnation. Its health, like that of the body, depends upon active exercise.

Those who wish to read Mr. Hoar's able argument in full may see it in the next *Commonwealth*, 24th instant. It will also, as soon as may be, be stereotyped, and issued as tract No. 6 of the series published by the New England Women's Suffrage Association.

Some of our April showers have been quite peculiar in form. Soon after noon on Wednesday last the sun was obscured by a thick cloud, from which fell, not flakes, but little consolidated balls of snow, many of them as large as a pea, which rebounded from the ground and rolled upon it as they fell. A large number of these were distinctly conical in form, having a diameter at the base equal to their height. On that day there were six separate snow squalls, alternating with sunshine, and occasionally in the midst of sunshine.

On Thursday evening came a very rare phenomenon in our latitude, the Aurora Borealis appearing simultaneously and equally over the whole sky. This display began before eight o'clock, and continued without intermission until after nine. There were streamers proceeding from all quarters of the horizon, and centring in a point a little south of the zenith, and also very frequent flashes or shimmerings of pearly whiteness, with occasionally a suspicion of rose color. These last were chiefly in the upper regions of the South and East, while the permanent diffused light was more steady in the North and West. A tremulous radiance would sometimes suddenly cover vast spaces in the upper sky, and sometimes dart in long irregular curves across the zenith. This Aurora seems to have been seen over a large part of our country, showing brilliant colors in some places.

The bill before our Legislature so far to modify our Sunday laws as to allow the opening of public libraries and reading rooms on that day, has been rejected by the House of Representatives.

This reminds me of the Old South Church, whose large estate occupying the square bounded by Washington, Milk, and Devonshire streets, and Spring Lane, has just been leased at a high figure for fifty years. In the lease were specified certain uses to which no portion of the buildings erected there was ever to be applied; and among these was a prohibition of using any room on the estate as a public reading-room on Sundays.

NORTH.

"CHRISTIANITY A BATTLE, NOT A DREAM."

A DISCOURSE BY MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS OF BOSTON.

At the Thirteenth Sunday Afternoon Meeting, at Horticultural Hall, Boston, April 11, 1869.

To tell the truth (said Mr. Phillips) the subject is one not very familiar to my beaten path of thought, and I am present rather at the urgency of the committee to take a share in the discussion of the topics for which the doors were opened than from any earnest wish of my own. But still he should be ashamed to say, after having lived thirty years of active life in a community stirred as ours has been, that he had not some suggestions to offer on a topic so vital as the one which he had named. Every man who has lived thoughtfully in the midst of the great issues that have been struggling for attention and settlement; every man who has striven to rouse to action the elemental forces of society and civilization which ought to grapple with these problems, must have had his thoughts turned often, constantly, to the nature of Christianity itself, and to the part which it ought to claim, to the place which it really occupies, amid the great elements which are to mould our future.

There is a great deal of talk about Christianity as the mere reflection of the morals and intellect of the passing

age; as something which may be made to take any form, assume any principle, direct itself against any point, at the bidding of the spirit of its individual age. It is looked upon as an ephemeral result, not as a permanent cause; and when viewed as such, men very naturally class it with the other religions of the world, which have all been results, not causes—effects, not sources of action. As he looked at Christianity in its relation to absolute religion—religion the science of duty to ourselves, to our fellows, and to God—as he looked at Christianity in reference to religion, he wanted to say at the outset that it, for him, occupied an entirely distinct place, an entirely different level from any other of what are called or have been the religions of the world.

If you go to the East, for the last three thousand years you find a religion the reflection of its civilization; the outgrowth of its thought; steeped in its animal life; dragged down by all its animal temptations; rotted through with license, cruelty, with all that grows out of the abnormal relation of the body to the soul. And the only distinctive element in this outburst of Hindoo religions, Buddha and Brahma too, the only redeeming point is a sort of exceptional intellectual life, which busied itself exclusively with the future; which struggled to plan and shape life, and mould it on the principle that to be like God you were to trample out all human affection and interests, thought, duties and relations; and the moment you became utterly passionless, thoughtless, without interest in aught external, you were God-like,—absorbed into the Infinite and ready for the hereafter.

The only thing remarkable in these Asiatic religions is that they were infinitely below the popular level of morality and intelligence, while the intellectual conception of it busied itself with nothing but the future state; not in one single thought, or effort, or plan, or method, with man as God places him on the surface of this planet. And it was a religion so much the actual result of the moral and intellectual life, so moonlike a reflection, that in due time, after a century or two, society in Hindostan was infinitely better than its religion. He knew, of course, of the bright gems of thought that glisten here and there on their sacred pages; original, perhaps; interpolated nobody can say when, possibly; but, whether so or not, exceptions to the broad, popular estimate of the religion of the age. That was in itself so weak so poor, so immoral, so degraded, so animal, that any social system in Hindostan which had not been better than its gods would have rotted out from inherent corruption. He repudiated utterly and indignantly the supposition that in any sense Christianity is to be grouped with the religious demonstrations of Asia.

If you cross the Straits and come to the fair humanities of ancient Greece, to the classic mythology which gave us the civilization of Greece, the same general truth obtains. The mythology of the age was so literally and utterly a mere reflex of its earliest civilization that the finest specimens of human life find no prototype at all in the religion of the classic epochs. Where in the Greek mythology do you find any prototype for the nobleness of Socrates or the integrity of Cato? If Athens and Rome had not been far better than Olympus, neither empire would have survived long enough to have given us Phocion, Demosthenes or Cato.

Religion is the soul, of which society and civil polity is the body, and when you brought forward the exceptional lives of thoughtful men, living either in Greece or on the banks of the Ganges, as a measure of the religion of their age and country, he rejected it; for he went out into the streets of both continents to ask what was the broad result (grouping a dozen centuries together) of the great religious force which always, in some form or other, underlies every social development; and when he sought it either in Greece or Asia or Mahomet, he found a civilization of caste, exclusively a civilization of animal supremacy—a civilization in itself natural, not wholly useless, but superficial, grovelling and short-lived.

In a world covered over with this religious experience, out of a world lying in murky ignorance, except where one or two points like Athens and some old cities of Asia towered out of it by an intellectual life, all at once there started up a system which we call Christianity; the outgrowth of the narrowest and, as the world supposed, the most degraded tribe of human beings that occupied its surface. He was not going to touch on its doctrines, because he did not believe that it had many doctrines. He did not believe that out of the New Testament you can, by any torture of ingenuity, make a creed. He did not believe that the New Testament intended you should make a creed. The sneer of the infidel is that you may get anything out of the New Testament. It was like the napkin in the hands of a juggler. It can be made to assume many shapes—church-towers, rabbit's-head, baby's-cradle—but it is a napkin still. When you torture the New Testament into Calvinism, or Romanism, or Catholicism, or Universalism, or Unitarianism, it is nothing but the New Testament after all. (Applause.)

There are certain great principles inherent in Christianity, as a religious and an intellectual movement, that distinguish it from all others, judging in two ways: either by the fair current of its records, or by the fruit of its existence. There are two ways of judging Christianity: one to open its records, and the other to trace Europe and its history under the influence of Christianity. He wished to call attention to two or three principles of Christianity which were not included in any other religious system and the first was the principle of sacrifice. "Bear ye one another's burdens" is the cardinal principle that underlies Christianity. All other religions allow that the strong have the right to use the weak. Like Darwin's principle of philosophy, the best, the strongest, the educated, the powerful, have the right to have the world to themselves and to absorb the less privileged in their enjoyable career. Carlyle represents that element in modern literature. Christianity ignores it in its central principle. Wealth, health and knowledge are a trust. "If any man be chief among you let him be your servant. If you know anything, communicate it. Whatever you hold, it is not yours. See that you make yourself the servant of the weakness of your age.

God in his providence, to which Christ gave us the key, is the mover of the ages, has always been dragging down the great and lifting up the poor; and Christianity was the first testimony of religion which recognized the decree of Providence that the greater is the servant of the lesser.

Again, Christianity endeavors to reform the world by ideas. There is not such another attempt in the history of the race. There is nowhere a single religious leader that ever said, "I will remodel the world, and I will remodel it by thought." Christianity not only trusts itself to the mind, to the supremacy of the soul, but it is *aggressive* on that line. It not only says, with every thoughtful man, the mind is stronger than the body, but the Saviour says, "Go out and preach the gospel to every creature." The great AGITATOR of the centuries is Jesus Christ of Jerusalem, who undertook to found his power on an idea, and at the same time to announce his faith and to teach his disciples "This idea shall remould the world." No other religion has attempted it; no other religious leader has proclaimed any such purpose, plan or faith.

Christianity has another element that distinguishes it from all religions. It does not appeal to education; it does not appeal to caste; it does not appeal to culture and the disciplined mind; in that century or in any other. To the poor the gospel is preached. Christianity didn't condescend to the lowest ignorance; it selected the lowest ignorance as the depositary of its trust. (Applause). Some one has said, "Christianity is the highest wisdom condescending to the lowest ignorance." That is an insufficient statement. Christ *entrusted* his gospel to the poor—to the common sense of the race—to the instincts of human nature. He turned away from sanhedrim and school; from Pharisee, who was observance, and Sadducee, who was sceptical inquiry, and called to his side the unlearned; planted the seeds of his empire in the masses; no caste, no college, no "inside" clique of adepts, and no "outside" herd of dupes. Christ proclaims spiritual equality and brotherhood.

You see in the Bible that the Saviour was considered a babbler, a disorganizer, a pestilent fellow, a stirrer-up of sedition. All the names that have been bestowed on men that ever came to turn the world upside down were heaped upon that leader of Christianity in the streets of Jerusalem. If he should come to-day into these streets as he stood up in the corners of the streets of Jerusalem and arraigned the church and state of his day, he would be denied and crucified exactly as he was in the streets of Jerusalem 1800 years ago. This is a most singular and unique characteristic of Christianity. It didn't affect the schools; didn't ask the endorsement of the Academy of Plato; it went to the people; it trusted the human race. It said, "I am as immortal as man. I accept human nature, and the evidence of my divinity will be that every successive development of a fact of human nature will come back here and find its key." Christianity says, "I leave my record with the instincts of the race. The accumulating evidence of my divine mission shall be that nowhere can the race travel, under no climate, in the midst of no circumstances can it develop anything, of which I have not offered beforehand the explanation and the key."

The fourth element peculiar to Christianity is its ideal of woman. In all civilization, as in every individual case; in all times, as well as in all men; this rule holds: The level of a man's spiritual life, and the spiritual life of an age, is exactly this—its ideal of a woman. No matter where you test society, what its intellectual or moral development, the idea that it has held of woman is the measure and the test of the progress it has made. The black woman in the South holds in her hands to-day the social reconstruction of half the Union. The black man of the South holds its material and its industrial future; its spiritual and moral possibility lies in the place which woman shall compel her fellow-beings to accord her in their ideas in the future. (Applause). So wherever you go, into Asia or Greece, the idea that each religion held of woman is a test of its absolute spiritual truth and life. Christianity is the only religion that ever accorded to woman her true place in the Providence of God. It was exceptional; it was antagonistic to the whole spirit of the age. The elements he had named were those which distinguish Christianity.

Is Christianity an inspired faith or not? Shakespeare and Plato tower above the intellectual level of their times like the peaks of Teneriffe and Mont Blanc. We look at them, and it seems impossible to measure the interval that separates them from the intellectual development around them. But if this Jewish boy in that era of the world, in Palestine, with the Ganges on one side of him and the Olympus of Athens on the other, ever produced a religion with these four elements, he towers so far above Shakespeare and Plato that the difference between Shakespeare and Plato and their times in the comparison becomes an imperceptable wrinkle on the surface of the earth. (Applause). He thought it a greater credulity to believe that there ever was a man so much superior to Athens and to England as this Jewish youth was, if he was a mere man, than it is to believe that in the fullness of time a higher wisdom than was ever vouchsafed to a human being undertook to tell the human race the secret by which it could lift itself to a higher plane of moral and intellectual existence. (Applause). He had weighed Christianity as the great vital and elemental force which underlies Europe—to which we are indebted for European civilization. He had endeavored to measure its strength, to estimate its permanence, to analyze its elements; and if they ever came from the unassisted brain of one uneducated Jew, while Shakespeare is admirable, and Plato is admirable, and Göethe is admirable, this Jewish boy takes a higher level; he is marvellous, wonderful; he is in himself a miracle. The miracles he wrought are nothing to the miracle he was, if at that era and that condition of the world he invented Christianity. (Applause). Whately says "To disbelieve is to believe." I cannot be so credulous as to believe that any mere man invented Christianity. Until you show me some loving heart that has felt more profoundly, some strong brain that, even with the aid of his example, has thought further and added something important to religion, I must still use my common-sense and say, *No man did all this.* I know Buddha's protest, and what he is said to have tried to do. To all that my answer is, *India past and present.* In testing ideas and elemental forces, if you give them centuries to work in, *success* is the only criterion. "By their fruits" is an inspired rule, not yet half understood and appreciated.

Our religion was never yet at peace with its age. Ours is the only faith whose first teacher and eleven out of his twelve original disciples died martyrs to their ideas. There is no other faith whose first teacher was not cherished and deified. The proof that some mighty power took possession of this Jewish mind, and lifted it up above and flung it against its age, is that he himself and eleven of his twelve first disciples forfeited, to the age, their lives for the message they brought.

Mr. Phillips said he put aside all the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount—the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man; all the gleams which the noblest intellects of the classic and Asiatic world had undoubtedly of the truth. That was not it. A man who says that Christianity is but the outgrowth of a human intellect must explain to him Europe as she stands to-day—the intelligence, morality and civilization of Europe as compared with the Asiatic civilization which has died out. Asiatic civilization failed from no lack of intellectual vigor or development. Tocqueville shows us that all the social problems and questions that agitate Europe and America to-day were debated to rags in Hindostan ages ago. Every one knows that Saracen Spain outshone all the rest of Europe for three or four centuries. The force wanting was a spiritual one. Body and brain, without soul, Asia rotted away. From Confucius to Cicero there is light enough, but no heat.

If this was the essence of Christianity, what was our duty in view of it. A large proportion of the men who discuss radical religion, as well as orthodox religionists, mistake the essence of Christianity for speculation. We have an immense amount of speculation as to the nature of God, the soul's relation to God, the essence of the soul, the inspiration of the scriptures, the nature of sin, and the characteristics of another state. It seemed to him that most of that was dream and revery. The marvel of the New Testament is that when you read it through only about one line in four touches upon any such problems. There is very little of it there. Christianity did not attempt to teach us any of these metaphysics. The glimpses it gave us of it were all accidental, indirect, in passing along. All through the New Testament it is not the future life and the essence of the soul that are dwelt on: it is the problems that make up the society of to-day. Open your New Testament and you will be surprised to find the comparative, the relative, amount that there is on the one topic to what there is on the other. He thought that while bishops were discussing the metaphysics of the soul, and German theologians were dividing brains, Christianity was writing its record by the pen of Beccaria, when he taught Europe a better system of penal laws. I remember, of course, the duty and value of prayer; the place devotion has, the need all human nature has for meditation and self-culture. John Augustus kneeling at a Cathedral shrine would have been a Christian sight. But John Augustus, in the Courts, saving drunkards from the shame and temptation and debasement of our jails was a more Christ-like one. Viewed broadly, and noting the distinctive nature of Christianity, when Voltaire thundered across Europe in defense of Calais, struggling for rational religion, he was nearer to the heart of Christ than Jeremy Taylor when he wrote his eloquent and most religious essays, "Holy Living and Dying." Bating some human imperfections, trampling under foot his personal vices, and remembering only his large service, to his race, when even that name of all names which the Christian has been taught to hate—when Thomas Paine went into the other world he was much more likely to be received with "Well done, good and faithful servant!" than many a bishop who died under an English miter.

There are two classes of philanthropy; one alleviates and the other cures. There is one class of philanthropy that undertakes when a man commits an evil to help him out of it. There is another class that endeavors to abolish the temptation. The first is sentiment, the last is Christianity. (Applause).

The religion of to-day has too many pulpits. Men say we have not churches enough. We have too many. Two hundred thousand men in New York never enter a church. There is not room. Thank God for that! If there are two hundred thousand Christian men in New York that cannot get into church, all the better. They do not need to enter. Christianity never intended the pulpit in the guise in which we have it. In yonder college do they keep boys for seventy years on their hands, lecturing to them on science? When Agassiz has taught his pupils fully, he sends them out to learn by practice. Of these fifty or sixty pulpits in this city we don't need more than ten or twenty. They will accommodate all who should hear preaching. The rest should be in the State Prison talking to the inmates; they should be in North street laboring there among the poor and depraved. Their worship should be putting their gifts to use, not sitting down and hearing for the hundredth time a repetition of arguments against theft. (Applause). There will never be any practical Christianity until we cease to teach it and let men begin to learn by practice. You never saw a Quaker pauper, because the moment a member begins to fail, the better influences surround and besiege him, help him over the shallows, strengthen his purpose, watch his steps, hold up the weary hands and feeble knees, and see to it that he never falls so low as to be a pauper. Break down these narrow Quaker-walls and let your Christianity model a world on the finer elements of that sect!

He would not have so many pulpits. "I'm not going to inflict a *sermon* on you," says your generously considerate friend. What a testimony! You should go to church when you absolutely need a message. You should go as the old Christian did who went to pray and then off to his work. The existence of a poor class in a Christian community is an evidence that it is not a Christian community. There ought to be no permanently poor class in a Christian community. "Bear ye one another's burdens." Who shall so slander society as to say that there is not enough wealth to lift up its poverty. We never look at our duty in this respect. Christianity goes round amid the institutions of the world and stamps each as sin. Fashion cries no; wealth says it shall not be; and churches work to prevent it. But by-and-by the whole crashes down. Christianity marked slavery as sin one hundred years ago. You may go to England and find blue-books that might be piled up as high as Bunker Hill which were written by intelligent committees set to inquire whether it is safe to do right. The principle of truth was there carried out, however, and culminated with Wilberforce as he carried up eight hundred thousand broken fetters to God.

Mr. Phillips read an extract of an article published in one of the most religious of our daily papers, in 1861, in which it was stated that the struggle between the North and the South might go on with such bitterness that we should be obliged to emancipate the slaves. The article said "the ordeal was one in which hypocritical philanthropists and bigoted religionists might exult in; but from which genuine Christianity would pray most earnestly that the nation might be saved." Every man in political life now will say that he knew for years that slavery was wrong, but he didn't it think best to say so. Christianity says "Whatever God tells you, don't look back to see if there is a man standing on your level who cannot see it; walk forward and tell what God has told you." Christianity doesn't reside in metaphysics. You won't find it in some of the most brilliant articles of *The Radical*, or in the stern creed of Andover. But you will find it in the peace society, the temperance organization, in prison discipline, in anti-slavery, in woman's rights, in the eight-hour movement. Some may smile at that, but the man who recognizes the right of every laboring man, and shows that he knows he has a soul, is nearer Christianity than he who can discuss all the points of the Godhead, live he either at Concord or anywhere else. But there is more real, essential Christianity at Concord than sleeps under a score of steeples.

Mr. Phillip's spoke of his recent argument before the legislative committee on the labor question, and said that while he endeavored to show that the workingmen should have better opportunities to improve themselves physically, socially, morally and spiritually, with the aid of more leisure, and thus secure a better civilization, the only consideration that could be expected to have weight with the committee was this: You must show that a man can do as much work in eight as he can in ten hours.

In a recent speech before an audience of three thousand people in New York, he had alluded to the Governor's argument that alcohol was "food," and had nutritive properties as well as beef. Without consulting authorities, if alcohol was food, and any one would prove to him that beef caused two-thirds of the pauperism and crime in the community, then he demanded the prohibition of beef. One-half of his audience started at the fanaticism, and even the platform trembled at the audacity of such a claim. But Paul the ever blessed fanatic and agitator, once said, "If meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

He believed in the regeneration of the world through Christianity, and said we are in a transition state. Christianity is moving forward to fresh triumphs, but there will never be a union of thought. You never can get the Methodist to stand side-by-side with the Calvinist and the conservative and the radical to read the New Testament in the light of the same interpretation. It is a purpose and an opportunity, not a creed, that will unite Christianity; a benevolent movement, not an intellectual effort, that will ever make a seamless garment of the Christian church. If John Stuart Mill, who rejects the four Gospels, shall agitate Europe, and so the workingmen shall be lifted from the pit they now occupy (a pit which is worse than any hell Calvin ever imagined), then the speaker would say that Lord Shaftesbury is a dreamer and John Stuart Mill the apostolic successor of St. Paul. "By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Master. Wherever a chain is broken, wherever a ray of light is admitted, wherever a noble purpose is struggling, wherever an obstacle is removed, there is Christianity.

There may be mummies hidden in the churches; metaphysicians dividing the truth according to the north or northwestern side of a hair; but they will never be crucified; never have the Pharisees and Sadducees feeling that their time is come; they will never have the devils of their age asking to be sent into the swine. We don't know Jesus, and no man would know him if he came to-day. We imagine that he was a respectable, sentimental, decorous, moderate, careful, conservative element, who took a hall, and was decently surrounded. He was the sedition of the streets. He said to wealth, "You're robbery," and Christendom stood aghast. He said to Judah, "You are a tyranny." He arraigned unjust power at its own feet. If a man does so now we send him to the Coventry of public contempt or the house of correction. But that is where Christianity goes. That is the way it entered the world, and that is the way it grapples with the world to-day. As the old Italian said in 1554, "There has not a Christian died in his bed for two hundred years." There will never a Christian die in his bed in the sense in which he meant it. The distinctive representative, the typical, advanced Christian of his age will never die in a respectable bed because the society of to-day, though growing out of a Christian subsoil, struggles yet to defy its master.

He had endeavored to show the wise men at the State House that they were gravitating toward the despotism of incorporated wealth. He showed them that in a republican community you could not afford to have half the individuality of the masses taken away because you would have no basis for our form of government to rest upon. He didn't dare to say to that Lesislature "God gives to you the keeping, annually, of so many hundred thousand souls," and whether they are good voters or trustworthy citizens is a secondary matter. You should make these streets safe for immortal souls to grow up in." And yet that Legislature is better than a church, for it says there shall be no distinction of color. It dont' know caste. But when you go down to the Old South church you find it has taken a leaf out of Hindostan and has black men in one place and white men in another. That is a church; the other is Christianity.

Mr. Phillips said he had impressed this fact: Christianity is a divine force; it is the great force to which we owe Europe. It is the key that unlocks the government, the society, the literature of Europe. It unfolds to you the goal to which we are all hastening, but you must not seek for it in the religious organizations. You must seek for it in representative and organized systems which undertake to hold its essence. The church as a milestone shows how far morals have travelled up to that moment. The moment it is found it is useless. It is like the bulwarks of Holland, good when the waters are outside, but all the worse when the waters are inside to keep them in. The pioneer goes through the forest girdling the trees as he moves, and five years after these trees are dead lumber. So Christianity goes through society dooming now this institution and now that custom as sinful,—soon they die. Look back forty years. Christianity branded slavery as *sin*. Wealth laughed scornfully at the fanaticism. Fashion swept haughtily past in her pride. The State thought to smother the protest by statutes. The church clasped hands and blessed the plot. But a printer's boy yielded himself to the sublime inspiration; gave life to the martyrdom of the message; and when his hand struck off three million of fetters, the church said, "Yes, I did it, for did I not always say, 'There was no bond in Christ Jesus?'" Yes, you did. But when to take that terrible protest from your treasure-house and flare it in the face of an angry nation was grave peril and cruel sacrifice, you hid it! You always had the truth; your only lack was *life* to believe and *courage* to apply it. The question that lies beyond, and has for thirty years, was the question of race. We lifted races on to a dead level, and the church said, "Didn't I tell you God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth?" And we all said: "Yes, you did. The trouble was that when it was crucifixion to apply it you could not see it."

The thing that lies beyond is sex. Will you crush woman out of her opportunities? The church says "Yes." But the age travels on, and by-and-by she will take her place side-by-side with man in politics as she does in society, and then the church will say, "Didn't I tell you so? There is neither male nor female in Christ." Then we shall say: "Yes you did; but when it was vulgar and unpopular and isolated to apply it, you were not there." And beyond that lies the darkened chamber of labor, that only rises to toil and lies down to rest. It is lifted by no hope, mellowed by no comfort; looks into gardens it created, and up to wealth which it has garnered, and has no pleasure thence; looks down into its cradle—there is no hope; and Stuart Mill says to the church, "Come and claim for labor its great share in civilization and its products;" the bench of bishops say, "Let us have a charity school;" Episcopacy says, "We will print a primer;" the dissenting interest says, "We will have cheap soup-houses;" Lord Shaftesbury says, "We will have May-day pastimes;" and gaunt labor says, "I don't ask pity, I ask for justice. In the name of the Christian brotherhood I ask for justice." And the church quietly hides itself behind its prayer-book, and the great vital force underneath bears us onward, till by-and-by through the ballot, by the power of selfish interest, by the combination of necessity, labor will clutch its rights, and the church will say, "So, I did it!" You have no right to luxuriate. If you are Christian men you should sell your sword and garments, go into your neighbors's house and start a public opinion and rouse and educate the masses. One soul with an idea outweighs ninety-nine men moved only by interests. Though there are powerful obstacles in our pathway, they will be permeated by the idea we advocate, as was Cæsar's palace by the weeds nurtured by an Italian summer. It was supposed that nothing less than an earthquake that would shake the seven hills could disturb the solid walls; but the tiny weeds of an Italian summer struck roots between them and tossed the huge blocks of granite into shapeless ruins. So must inevitably our ideas—the only *living* forces—for a while overawed by marble, and gold, and iron, and organization—heave all to ruin and rebuild on a finer model.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

LITERARY.

The May number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, contains: "Beyond the Breakers," Part V, by Hon. Robert Dale Owen; "May Apples," a poem, by W. L. Shoemaker; "Salmon Fishing," by Dr. A. C. Hamlin; "Hans Breitmann in Politics," Part III., by Charles G. Leland; "Rougegorge," a Tale, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Life in Coal Mines," by Thomas H. Walton; "A Few Curious Derivatives," by Prof. Henry Coppee; "Dick Lyle's Fee, a Story of the Day," by L. Clarke Davis; "Spectrum Analysis," by Charles Morris; "Earl Douglass, of Philadelphia," by Dr. Benj. H. Coates; "Recollections of Washington Irving," by L. Gaylord Clark; "The Argosy," a poem, by Adelaide Cilley; "A Real Ghost Story;" Our Monthly Gossip, and Literature of the Day.

Putnam's Magazine for May contains: "Thomas Carlyle as a Practical Guide;" "Christus Sylvæ," by F. B. Plimpton; "A Stranded Ship," Part III., by L. Clarke Davis; "The Cholera in Asia," by J. C. Peters, M.D.; "Early Spring," by Geo. Cooper; "Rhyme," by Geo. Wakemen; "The Emperor's Eye," by Ausburn Towner; "The Dream of Life," by Rev. Wm. R. Alger; "Voyage of the Esperanza," by Jane G. Austin; "Guglielmo Gajani," by Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.; "To-Day," Chaps. XIV.—XVII., by R. B. Kimball; "Mexico and the United States;" "Current Events;" "Literature, Science and Art Abroad," by Bayard Taylor; "Literature at Home," by E. C. Stedman; "Fine Arts," by S. S. Conant; and Table-Talk, by Clarence Cook.

RECEIVED.

EVENING BY EVENING; OR READINGS AT EVENTIDE FOR THE FAMILY OR THE CLOSET. By C. H. Spurgeon. 400 pp. New York: Sheldon & Co.

JULIETTE; NOW AND FOREVER. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. 416 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. By Lewis Carrol. With 42 illustrations. 192 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE GENERAL; OR TWELVE NIGHTS IN THE HUNTERS' CAMP. A Narrative of Real Life. Illustrated by G. G. White. 265 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

NOTES, CRITICAL, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS. By Albert Barnes. Vols. II and III. 383 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

REALTIES OF IRISH LIFE. By W. Stewart Trench. *Handy Volume Series.* 297 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE TRUE WOMAN: *A Series of Discourses* by Rev. J. D. Fulton. To which is added Woman *vs* Ballot. 48 pp. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Health Exercise: A discussion of the rationale and practice of Butler's Lifting Cure. By Lewis G. Jones. New York: D. P. Butler 830 Broadway.

Packard's Monthly for May. New York: S. S. Packard.

Demorest's Monthly Magazine for May.

Our Schoolday Visitor for May. Philadelphia: Daughaday and Becker.

Any one in want of a good gold pen we refer to Mr. A. Morton, No. 25 Maiden Lane, whose advertisement appears in another column. He is one of the oldest and most successful manufacturers of gold pens in this country. Mr. Morton has attained great perfection in that department of mechanical skill. His pens, as we can testify from daily use, are of a superior quality.

OBITUARY.

Died, on Monday, April 19th, at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, Hon. William Mitchell, aged seventy-seven. His life was fully ripe, and the change which we call death, to him, must have been only as the laying aside of a worn garment. To those who have been privileged to be in constant and intimate intercourse with him during the last four years in which he has retired from active duties to enjoy the rest that is the right of the aged, shown the serene, sunny heights reached by a strong intellect, a clear judgment, wise and sincere action, and a loving heart. His varied relations as teacher, banker, legislator and scholar have made him widely known and honored in years past, and his residence at Vassar College, since its organization will cause the memory of his beneficent presence, to be cherished by hundreds of young, loving hearts. He drew all hearts unto him, and drawing them to himself he drew them into Heavenly places. E. M. P.

EDMUND D. LUCAS.

DIED.—At his residence in Boston, March 29th, EDMUND D. LUCAS, aged seventy-six years and ten months. The deceased was among *The Liberator's* earliest subscribers, and for the last few years had been among those of THE STANDARD. He has been for many years an interested friend and co-worker of the anti-slavery and kindred reform movements.

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E. M. DAVIS.

FEB. 16, 1869.

IT has been reported that Mr. Taylor, of 555 Broadway, was about to remove *up-town*, in the general movement in that direction. This we have occasion to know is a mistake. He has purchased the property he occupies, and has no intention of moving. Indeed, he considers his present location *central* and desirable.

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Debility of the Brain,
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Miscellaneous Department.

"AFTERWARD."

TO MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM.

"The most beautiful word in our language, because the most suggestive."—*Mrs. Brigham's Lecture on the "Lesson of Life."*

I.

Darkness for a brief space;
While th' earth is dumb and cold,
The burthened brow of night
Doth her crown of sorrows hold.
For a brief space—the night,
"Afterward"—the light.

II.

A little while, the germ
Must slumber 'neath the ground,
Hiding its prophecies,
With chains of darkness bound.
A little while—sad hour,
"Afterward"—the flower.

III.

Patience, O, brooding bird,—
Sheltered beneath thy breast,
Folding their hidden wings,
The sleeping warblers rest.
Patience, O, mother bird,
The wings come—"afterward."

IV.

Dark on the nations falls
The night of war and wrong;
The Truth lies faint and pale,
While Error waxeth strong.
For the present—is the fight,
"Afterward"—the right.

V.

O! unborn, sleeping souls,
Within the womb of time,
Ye hold the prophecies,
Of a message all sublime;
Ye slumber—for a span,
"Afterward"—the man.

VI

We clasp our loved an hour,
In passionate embrace;
We look, and only see,
The beautiful, dead face.
United here—a day,
"Afterward"—alway.

CORA. L. V. DANIELS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 22d, 1869.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

When the first bitterness was over, the family accepted the inevitable, and tried to bear it cheerfully, helping one another by the increased affection which comes to bind households tenderly together in times of trouble. They put away their grief, and each did their part toward making that last year a happy one.

The pleasantest room in the house was set apart for Beth, and in it was gathered everything that she most loved—flowers, pictures, her piano, the little work-table, and the beloved pussies. Father's best books found their way there, mother's easy chair, Jo's desk, Amy's loveliest sketches; and every day Meg brought her babies on a loving pilgrimage, to make sunshine for Aunty Beth. John quietly set apart a little sum, that he might enjoy the pleasure of keeping the invalid supplied with the fruit she loved and longed for; old Hannah never wearied of concocting dainty dishes to tempt a capricious appetite, dropping tears as she worked; and, from across the sea, came little gifts and cheerful letters, seeming to bring breaths of warmth and fragrance from lands that know no winter.

Here, cherished like a household saint in its shrine, sat Beth, tranquil and busy as ever; for nothing could change the sweet, unselfish nature; and even while preparing to leave life she tried to make it happier for those who should remain behind. The feeble fingers were never idle, and one of her pleasures was to make little things for the school children daily passing to and fro. To drop a pair of mittens from her window for a pair of purple hands, a needle-book for some small mother of many dolls, pen-wipers for young penmen toiling through forests of pot-hooks, scrap-books for picture-loving eyes, and all manner of pleasant devices, till the reluctant climbers up the ladder of learning found their way strewn with flowers, as it were, and came to regard the gentle giver as a sort of fairy god-mother, who sat above there, and showered down gifts miraculously suited to their tastes and needs. If Beth had wanted any reward, she found it in the bright little faces always turned up to her window, with nods and smiles, and the droll little letters which came to her, full of blots and gratitude.

The first few months were very happy ones, and Beth often used to look round, and say, "How beautiful this is," as they all sat together in her sunny room, the babies kicking and crowing on the floor, mother and sisters working near, and father reading in his pleasant voice, from the wise old book, which seemed rich in good and comfortable words, as applicable now as when written centuries ago—a little chapel, where a paternal priest taught his flock the hard lessons all must learn, trying to show them that hope can comfort love, and faith make resignation possible. Simple sermons, that went straight to the souls of those who listened; for the father's heart was in the minister's religion, and the frequent falter in the voice gave a double eloquence to the words he spoke or read.

It was well for all that this peaceful time was given them as preparation for the sad hours to come; for, by and by, Beth said the needle was "so heavy," and put it down forever; talking wearied her, faces troubled her, pain claimed her for its own, and her tranquil spirit was sorrowfully perturbed by the ills that vexed her feeble flesh. Ah me! such heavy days, such long, long nights, such aching hearts and imploring prayers, when those who loved her best were forced to see the thin hands stretched out to them beseechingly to hear the bitter cry, "Help me, help me!" and to feel that there was no help. A sad eclipse of the serene soul, a sharp struggle of the young life with death; but both were mercifully brief, and then, the natural rebellion over, the old peace returned more beautiful than ever. With the wreck of her frail body, Beth's soul grew strong; and, though she said little, those about her felt that she was ready, saw that the first pilgrim called was likewise the fittest, and waited with her on the shore, trying to see the shining ones coming to receive her when she crossed the river.

Jo never left her for an hour since Beth had said, "I feel stronger when you are here." She slept on a couch in the room, waking often to renew the fire, to feed, lift, or wait upon the patient creature who seldom asked for anything, and "tried not to be a trouble." All day she haunted the room, jealous of any other nurse, and prouder of being chosen then than of any other honor her life ever brought her. Precious and helpful hours to Jo, for now her heart received the teaching that it needed; lessons in patience were so sweetly taught her, that she could not fail to learn them; charity for all, the lovely spirit that can forgive and truly forget unkindness, the loyalty to duty that makes the hardest easy, and the sincere faith that fears nothing, but trusts undoubtingly.

Often when she woke, Jo found Beth reading in her well-worn little book, heard her singing softly, to beguile the sleepless night, or saw her lean her face upon her hands, while slow tears dropped through the transparent fingers; and Jo would lie watching her, with thoughts too deep for tears, feeling that Beth, in her simple, unselfish way, was trying to wean herself from the dear old life, and fit herself for the life to come, by sacred words of comfort, quiet prayers, and the music she loved so well.

Seeing this did more for Jo than the wisest sermons, the saintliest hymns, the most fervent prayers that any voice could utter; for, with eyes clear by many tears, and a heart softened by the tenderest sorrow, she recognized the beauty of her sister's life—uneventful, unambitious, yet full of the genuine virtues which "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust;" the self-forgetfulness that makes the humblest on earth remembered soonest in heaven, the true success which is possible to all.

One night, when Beth looked among the books upon her table, to find something to make her forget the mortal weariness that was almost as hard to bear as pain, as she turned the leaves of her old favorite Pilgrim's Progress, she found a little paper scribbled over in Jo's hand. The name caught her eye, and the blurred look of the lines made her sure that tears had fallen on it.

"Poor Jo, she's fast asleep, so I won't wake her to ask leave; she shows me all her things, and I don't think she'll mind if I look at this," thought Beth, with a glance at her sister, who lay on the rug, with the tongs beside her, ready to wake up the minute the log fell apart.

"MY BETH.

Sitting patient in the shadow
Till the blessed light shall come,
A serene and saintly presence
Sanctifies our troubled home.
Earthly joys, and hopes, and sorrows,
Break like ripples on the strand
Of the deep and solemn river
Where her willing feet now stand.

Oh, my sister, passing from me,
Out of human care and strife,
Leave me, as a gift, those virtues
Which have beautified your life.
Dear, bequeath me that great patience
Which has power to sustain
A cheerful, uncomplaining spirit
In its prison-house of pain.

Give me, for I need it sorely,
Of that courage, wise and sweet,
Which has made the path of duty
Green beneath your willing feet.
Give me that unselfish nature,
That with charity divine
Can pardon wrong for love's dear sake—
Meek heart, forgive me mine!

Thus our parting daily loseth
Something of its bitter pain,
And while learning this hard lesson,
My great loss becomes my gain.
For the touch of grief will render
My wild nature more serene,
Give to life new aspirations—
A new trust in the unseen.

Henceforth safe across the river,
I shall see forever more
A beloved, household spirit
Waiting for me on the shore.
Hope and faith, born of my sorrow,
Guardian angels shall become,
And the sister gone before me,
By their hands shall lead me home."

Blurred and blotted, faulty and feeble as the lines were, they brought a look of inexpressible comfort to Beth's face, for her one regret had been that she had done so little; and this seemed to assure her that her life had not been useless—that her death would not bring the despair she feared. As she sat with the paper folded between her hands, the charred log fell asunder! Jo started up, revived the blaze; and crept to the bedside, hoping Beth slept.

"Not asleep, but so happy, dear. See, I found this and read it; I knew you wouldn't care. Have I been all that to you, Jo?" she asked, with wistful, humble earnestness.

"Oh, Beth, so much, so much!" and Jo's head went down upon the pillow, beside her sister's.

"Then I don't feel as if I'd wasted my life. I'm not so good as you make me, but I have tried to do right; and now, when it's too late to begin even to do better, it's such a comfort to know that some one loves me so much, and feels as if I'd helped them."

"More than any one in the world, Beth. I used to think I couldn't let you go; but I'm learning to feel that I don't lose you; that you'll be more to me than ever, and death can't part us, though it seems to."

"I know it cannot, and I don't fear it any longer, for I'm sure I shall be your Beth still, to love and help you more than ever. You must take my place, Jo, and be everything to father and mother when I'm gone. They will turn to you—don't fail them; and if it's hard to work alone, remember that I don't forget you, and that you'll be happier in doing that, than writing splendid books, or seeing all the world; for love is the only thing that we can carry with us when we go, and it makes the end so easy."

"Ill try, Beth," and then and there Jo renounced her old ambition, pledged herself to a new and better one, acknowledging the poverty of other desires, and feeling the blessed solace of a belief in the immortality of love.

So the spring days came and went, the sky grew clearer, the earth greener, the flowers were up fair and early, and the birds came back in time to say good-bye to Beth, who, like a tired but trustful child, clung to the hands that had led her all her life, as father and mother guided her tenderly through the valley of the shadow, and gave her up to God.

Seldom, except in books, do the dying utter memorable words, see visions, or depart with beatified countenances; and those who have sped many parting souls know, that to most the end comes as naturally and simply as sleep. As Beth had hoped, the "tide went out easily;" and in the dark hour before the dawn, on the bosom where she had drawn her first breath, she quietly drew her last, with no farewell but one loving look.

With tears, and prayers, and tender hands, mother and sisters made her ready for the long sleep that pain would never mar again—seeing with grateful eyes the beautiful serenity that soon replaced the pathetic patience that had wrung their hearts so long, and feeling with reverent joy, that to their darling death was a benignant angel—not a phantom full of dread.

When morning came, for the first time in many months the fire was out, Jo's place was empty, and the room was very still. But a bird sang blithely on a budding bough, close by, the snow-drops blossomed freshly at the window, and the spring sunshine streamed in like a benediction over the placid face upon the pillow—a face so full of painless peace, that those who loved it best smiled through their tears, and thanked God that Beth was well at last.—*From the Second Part of "Little Women." By Miss Alcott.*

PAINTERS.—You see there is such a happy mixture of manual and mental work in a painter's career. I learnt that long ago from one of Hazlitt's essays. And then, too, what a pleasure to see the work grow under your hand! A book is a thing much further from you than a picture. I look with peculiar tenderness upon a picture, the work of any great painter. I think how it has lived with him—with what fond and anxious looks he has regarded it in early morning and late evening—what joy and sorrow have gone into it—what great men, his friends, have come to look at it. Suppose it to be a Titian: Charles V has come to look at his friend's work; and has given anxious, judicious and affectionate criticism about it. Then, too, the painter's loving wife and daughters have given, from day to day, their criticisms, being most careful to give at the same time due encouragement and admiration. In fact, the thing which we see now, has been, for the time, a sort of domestic idol. Yes, I should like to have been a painter, even if I had been one of only moderate endowments.—*From Help's "Realmah."*

ANNE BOLEYN'S ROOM.—Childers tells me that the room in which I am writing was Anne Boleyn's boudoir. He leaves me to meditate upon this. What reflections do not occur to one's mind? . . . What reflections *do?* . . . . "This," I remind myself, "was Anne Boleyn's boudoir." Here, I say to myself standing by the window, "she looked out of the window." I feel a gentle melancholy stealing over me. "In this cupboard," here I stand by a small cupboard in the oak panel, "she perhaps kept her—her—" I open it and find a string, a screw, and a broken saucer—these things suggest nothing particular, so I alter my sentence to "Here she kept something or other." How difficult to be enthusiastic; you can't force it. I know men who, if they were shut up in this room, would overflow with poetry. Why don't I? I don't know. Why is it that the only thought that forcibly presents itself to me is, "Why didn't she have a fireplace here?"—*Happy Thoughts.*

CHILD TROUBLES.—This is for parents, and worthy of careful reading:

"The disappointments of children are as hard to bear as those of adults. The hopes and plans of a child often refer to what his elders esteem trifles, it is true; still he values his little possessions as highly and clings to his aims as tenaciously as older persons do to theirs. But *they* remember that all human affairs are uncertain, and lay their plans hoping for success, but at the same time more or less apprehensive of failure. The child, on the contrary, sees nothing but sunbeams; and when the sudden darkness comes he feels even more disappointed than those older when their important projects come to naught. The child has not learned to reason coolly upon matters and things, as men do, and is moved by impulse rather than by deliberate judgment. Children very often suffer real injustice. Sometimes the wrong comes from their playmates, and sometimes from the parent or teacher, who does not take time to ascertain facts, reasoning that the thing under consideration is such a trifle that it is not worth inquiry. Parents and teachers should always remember that the trials which seem trifles to them are often very serious to the little ones in their charge, and in dealing with children should help them bear their burdens rather than scold them for being irritated or grieved. One of the most important lessons that can be taught them is to bear their trials and troubles in a proper way."

RIFT IN THE CLOUD.

"So dreary and dark," were our words that day,
Again and again repeated;
As the hours wore on, and the tall old clock
Told them, and their duties completed.
"Such a dismal day"—for the clouds were dark,
And the rain, in its wearisome falling,
Dripped an answer in tears to the desolate cry
Of the blast through the roof-trees calling.

Not a glimpse of blue—not a gleam of gold
In the arch above us bending;
Only the clouds in their drapings of gray,
Sad with grief that seemed unending.
So the day crept on, and we talked of the night
In darkness upon us stealing,
And wondered if brightness would come with the dawn,
Much of beauty, now cloud-veiled, revealing.

"There's a rift in the cloud," called a gladsome voice,
And the words had a setting of sweetness,
That rounded the jubilant tidings she spake
To the fullest grace of completeness.
"A rift in the cloud"—and it spread as we gazed,
Till the west was a marvel of glory,
Where the broken clouds in the sunlight gleamed,
Pauses bright in the golden-writ story.

"A rift in the cloud"—the words crept back
Through many an after-time thinking,
And a sweeter meaning lent them grace,
Its truth to their loveliness linking.
And I thought when hours were dark with fears,
Or draped with a mantle of sorrow,
How a word of cheer is "a rift in the clouds,"
Fair type of a bright to-morrow.

A whisper of love—a smile that is sweet—
A deed that is sympathy's token—
Little aids that give to our weakness strength,
So the power of temptation is broken.
These are "rifts in the clouds," and they come to our lives
Amid woes and stern lessons of duty;
Amid wearisome labors and hopes that are vain,
As perfected glimpses of beauty.

—*Christian Register.*

BOSTON CONVERSATION.

LORD TYRAWLEY agreed with Horace Walpole that there was nothing in London except a fog, whist, and the House of Commons. If we may believe the Boston correspondent, there is nothing in that city nowadays except an east wind, the Great Organ, and the monthly meetings of the Radical Club.

This last must be the great phenomenon. Certainly there is no other city in America where lawyers would leave their offices, merchants their counting-rooms, clergymen their libraries, and the wives of all these their shopping and their housekeeping, to devote four solid morning-hours to "Shakespeare and the musical glasses"—the Mission of Art, the Theory of Temperaments, and the Greek Goddesses.

Yet, if report be true, in Boston there is not only a perennial supply of wits and sages to talk at such meetings, but also of eager ears to listen; so that the largest pair of drawing-rooms in this city is filled, and the gracious hostess is sometimes obliged delicately to hint that there are no more chairs. What lover of good gossip would not live in Boston.

The profane world gets things from afar through the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, or the *Springfield Republican*, or the *New York World.* The best reports have been written by Mrs. L. C. Moulton and Miss Kate Field. Of course, the sparkle of the best wit vanishes in reporting; but enough is left behind to show that the meetings must be worth the attendance of those who visit Boston, after the Great Organ and the Frog Pond have been duly seen.

It appears to be the plan of these meetings that somebody should read an essay, and then that somebody else should talk.

During this latter performance the unhappy lecturer sits and endures in silence the ordeal of compliment and criticism. Mrs. Howe has compared this position to the savage punishment whereby an offender is smeared with honey, and then hung up to be stung to death by bees. However, if the essayists choose, they can sting back again, thus having the advantage over the uncivilized victim.

The trouble commonly is, when you bring people together into a room, and bid them be brilliant, that nobody has a word to say. We are informed, however, that on these happy occasions there has never yet been an awkward pause, though there have often been irrelevant suggestions or side-issues. There is no presiding officer; but the host or hostess gives the conversation a push, if needed, at the outset, by calling on one or two of the elders, as Mr. Emerson or Mr. Alcott, to begin. More commonly, however, the talk takes its own course, and each has a hand in shaping it. In this respect there is a great improvement over Mr. Alcott's "Conversations," or those formerly held by Margaret Fuller, in Boston, which were really monologues only, tempered by a very few timid questions asked and answered.

We have inquired with some solicitude of those who frequent these sessions whether the name of "Radical Club" did not imply too much similarity of thought to be agreeable? To which it is replied, first, that among those who participate are to be found staunch conservatives in politics, and members of ritualistic churches. And we are furthermore reminded that wherever there are two "Radicals" there are generally, at least, three different opinions; which is true enough, and probably fortunate. So, on the whole, it appears the meetings do not slumber for want of opposition, even when themes are purely artistic or literary. And there is one thing in which all agree—namely, that the presence of cultivated and quick-witted women gives a spice and zest to conversation such as no dinner-table talk of men alone can attain, however gifted be the talkers.

In fact, the steady refusal of this large circle to remove from Mrs. Sargent's crowded parlors into a public hall would seem to show that the whole affair is but a French *salon*, and owes much of its continued success to the energy and magnetism of one agreeable woman. If so, it shows that women have a work to do in humanizing crude American society, after all. X.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

DOGS AND DOGMAS.—Landseer once painted a celebrated picture called "The Free Church." It represented a congregation of Scottish shepherds with their *collies* or dogs, seated each by his master in the pew. A wag observed on this custom, "I suppose the Presbyterian minister will preach on *dogmatical* theology." A clergyman from a distant part of Scotland came to officiate to one of these shepherd congregations. It is usual in the Presbyterian Kirk for the people to rise when the minister pronounces the final blessing. The shepherds continued seated. The strange minister was scandalized, and sharply exclaimed: "What, is there not enough devotional spirit amongst you to make you rise to receive the blessing?" An old shepherd mounted the pulpit stairs, and whispered in the preacher's ear: "Meenister, it's just to cheat the doggies." It appeared that directly the congregation rose to receive the final blessing, the collies thought the service was over, and rushed through their masters' legs with mighty yelpings into the churchyard.—*Curiosities of the Pulpit.*

ORPHEUS RIVALLED BY MENDELSSOHN.—The fair friend of Mendelssohn to whom I have already alluded described a charming evening with the W—— family during his stay on that occasion. The old father of the family was then in Berlin with his daughters, so the son, Feridnand, begged Frau Malwine to do the honors of the house for him. How joyfully she acceded to this. Frau Jeanrenaud and her eldest daughter had accompanied the young couple; Graf Nesselrode with his wife and beautiful were present; Reitz, Mendelssohn's worthy successor; the Schadows, Steinbrucks, and others. The most unaffected gayety pervaded the little circle; Mendelssohn was in the most brilliant spirits, and the Madonna face of Cecile, the queen-rose among all the lovely women present, excited universal enthusiasm. After supper there was music. While Mendelssohn was playing Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" with Reitz, and all were reverentially listening, a little mouse glided out of a corner and sat in the midst of the circle motionless, as if spellbound by the magic tones. No doubt it would have remained in the same position till the playing ceased had not one of the ladies made an abrupt gesture in horror of the formidable monster, which caused a slight commotion, and drove away the four-footed enthusiastic amateur.—*Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.*

A DONKEY in the suburbs of London has attained a celebrity by showing a fondness for hearing the concertina played. At the sound of the instrument he will gallop towards the player, braying loudly. Perhaps he humanely wishes only to drown the sound of the concertina.

APRIL SHOWERS.

Come, gentle April showers,
And water my May bowers,
The violet—
Blue, white and yellow streaked with jet—
Thickly in my bed are set;
Gay daffodillies,
Tulips and St. Joseph's lilies;
Bethlehem's star,
Gleaming through its leaves afar;
Merry crocuses which quaff
Sunshine till they fairly laugh;
And that fragrant one so pale,
Meekest lily of the vale,
All are keeping whist, afraid
Of this late snow o'er them laid.
Come then, gentle April showers,
And coax out my pretty flowers.

I am tired of wintry days,
Have no longer heart to praise
Icicles and banks of snow.
When will dandelions blow,
And meadow sweet,
And cowslips dippling their cool feet
In little rills
Gushing from the mossy hills?
I am weary of this weather,
Vernal breezes, hasten hither,
Bringing in your dappled train,
Tearful sunshine, smiling rain,
And, to coax out all my flowers,
Fall, fall gently, April showers.

GLOBULAR LIGHTNING—Sometimes the aspect of globular lightning is so peaceful, so honest that one might be tempted to treat it lightly or with a kind of bold familiarity.

On the 10th of September, 1845, a ball of lightning presented itself at the threshold of another kitchen situated in the village of Salagnac, in the valley of La Correze. Three women who were there experienced no fear in presence of the strange visitor. They shouted to a young man, near to whose feet the ball was rolling, to step upon it and extinguish it.

Luckily for him this peasant had been to Paris, and had been electrified one day on the Champs Elysées for two sous. He had learned to respect the mysterious fluid and its shocks; in spite of the imprudent exhortation of the girls, he allowed the ball to pass by. It was fortunate indeed that he did so, for a few seconds later the treacherous sphere exploded violently in a neighboring stable. It killed a pig which happened to be shut up there and which, knowing nothing about the wonders of thunder and lightning, dared to smell it in a most rude and unbecoming manner.—"*Thunder and Lightning*" *by De Fonvielle.*

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OF THE
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AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

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PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERURIER,
Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY, } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M D., 696 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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21—tf

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